THE COMMONWEAL

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SCIENCE AND THE SOUL

WE SAID last week that "agnosticism no longer derives from science." For one reason or another, the alleged conflict between science and theology, which in a measure goes back to the reasoning of Immanuel Kant, is no longer very stirring. Naturally enough, there are still many people who, speaking in the name of science, shrug their shoulders at the slowness of theologians to acclaim the results of "recent investigation." We have whistled at you, these men seem to say, and you have not danced. The theologian's reply might well be that if he could feel quite sure that science had clung to one tune for the dance, it might be worth his while to give some attention to the matter.

These reflections are engendered by the brief accounts offered by Nature of the Gifford Lectures, just given by Professor Eddington in the University of Edinburg. The Professor, who succeeds a number of illustrious scientists as occupant of the Plumian professorship of astronomy in the University of Cambridge, is certainly one of the most eminent of living authorities in his own departments of research—astronomy and astronomical physics. For this and other reasons, his pronouncements on topics related to physics are always worthy of attention. But he stressed two matters in the Gifford Lectures which have a direct bearing upon the theme which we have termed science and the soul.

There have been many distinguished scientists who have had no doubts about the freedom of the will; for example, the late Professor Poynting, one of the greatest physicists and most acute thinkers of recent times, held that we were more certain of our power of choice and responsibility than of any other fact, physical or psychical. But none the less, physicists have been of one accord in proclaiming that, so far as the evidence from their subject went, the argument was all in favor of determinism. And now along comes Professor Eddington to tell us that physicists have been wrong all the time—a new dance tune with a vengeance! The Professor has been dealing largely with the quantum theory—the very latest babe in the physicist's cradle, and a very crabbed babe and hard of comprehension, especially by those who are not versed in the higher mathematics. However, there the infant is, his mother's darling for the moment, until another little stranger puts his nose out of joint.

Without attempting to explain what the quantum theory is, we may at least note that the new quantum mechanics have entirely altered the physicist's attitude

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toward the question of determinism. "In the old conflict between free will and predestination, it has hitherto seemed that physics comes down heavily on the side of predestination. The quantum theory has entirely removed that bias. Whatever view we may take of free will on philosophical grounds, we cannot appeal to physics against it." Thus the Professor, and surely such a volte face is the very best justification for the theologian (not to mention the philosopher) who has refused resolutely to surrender his belief in free will merely because a number of persons, mostly sciolists, have been shouting at him that in the face of the teachings of physics, he cannot possibly hold any such belief.

So much for the first point. The second appears in the last lecture, wherein it is of classical tradition that the lecturer shall pay his respects to the Creator, even if he does not believe in Him; since the lectures are supposed (by the trust) to repose on a basis of natural religion. The Professor addressed himself to the required task very properly, but in a curious manner. Are we to fill the background of science "with a reality of spiritual import?" the Professor asks; and he gets (or rather supplies) this answer from science: "Here I have left you a domain in which I shall not interfere." Let us pause for a moment to consider and admire the graceful act of condescension on the part of science toward a subject which in no kind of way can she pretend to control or explain. "I grant that you have some kind of approach to it through the self-knowledge of consciousness, so that it is not necessarily a domain of pure agnosticism. But have you any orderly system of inquiry into this domain comparable to the system of science? Have I any reason to regard the current religious interpretation of it as more than muddle-headed romancing?" The Professor feels that the question is one which he cannot answer, though he is prepared to ask "why it is that we attach so much truth and importance to the values determined by the mind, unless they are reflexions of an Absolute Valuer?" Saint Paul preached an eloquent sermon on the text of the altar to the Unknown God. In a much humbler fashion, let us venture some small criticism of this version of the Deus Absconditus.

In the first place, it is to be noted that the man of science carves, with his own hands, and in his own image, the thing which he is about to adore. For there is no such thing as "science." There are a number of "sciences," but no such entity as "science" which can make statements—no Pope nor President of those states. Hence when the writer says "science" he really means "I."

Secondly, before anyone is summoned to appear before a tribunal and show cause for his doings, he is entitled to know that the tribunal is legally constituted. By what authority, religion may reasonably ask, does science or rather do you, Mr. Man of science, summon me before you? Who made you a judge over me? At least tell me who made you at all, or how you come to exist. Not one of these questions can science or the scientific man answer in any intelligible manner. All that he can say is: I am here, and I find myself surrounded by a lot of phenomena, and provided with the brains to inquire into them and the curiosity to drive me on to do so. To which religion may fairly reply that, so far, we have not reached any sure ground of confidence in the powers of the court.

Inquiry may next be made as to various specific matters long preached as certain, now discarded, like the deterministic theory noted above. Or the point may be pushed still further by our supposed representative of religion remarking upon the interesting tenor of Professor Nunn's recent address to the Aristotelian Society. Professor Nunn has evidently developed an actual peevishness toward physicists. It seems that, in order to solve some philosophical problem which was troubling his brain, he felt it essential to know what physicists think about the electric current, a subject well within their sphere, surely, and one which they have been studying intensively for more than a century. Well, he found them first of all telling him that it was a sort of fluid which ran through the wire. Very good —and not too difficult to understand. Then, however, he discovers that they have changed their minds, and are saying that there are two currents, one in and one outside the wire, and both going different ways. He readjusts his mental focus to take in this pronouncement, only to be told that physicists have now come to the conclusion that, whatever is happening with regard to the current, it is not in the wire, at any rate. When he has partly recovered from this stunning blow, he finds them shouting wildly at him: "Yes, it is in the wire after all; it is a flow of electrons!" Perhaps after all this, it is no wonder that he should observe that it "is a little difficult to take those scientific objects seriously." There is perhaps more uncertainty today about physical theories than there has ever been at any period in the past. And that makes it hardly the fitting time for science to pose as the supreme judge, and to talk about "muddle-headed romancing" in connection with theology.

Nor is there any longer much of this talk. It was natural that in the flushed centuries of discovery which followed the renaissance, those enamored of physical science should quite forget that humility which had been posited as the basis of the final Greek philosophy begun by Socrates, and which has been reverenced by the greatest of Christian thinkers. Today the men in the laboratories are learning once again the priceless fact that theories are merely instruments, not realities. They know that the understanding of the cosmos which human reason can arrive at is necessarily always approximate and never complete. Finally, they are coming round again to the saving belief that factual investigation seldom really displaces any of the fundamental intuitions of the human soul. And that is why science today is both less the antagonist of theology and more the servant of man's undying soul.

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The Commonweal announces early publication of Pamphlet Number Four, dealing with the question, Should a Catholic Be President? It will include the open letter in reply to Mr. Charles C. Marshall which appeared in our issue of April 13, the article by Dr. John A. Ryan in this number, and other pertinent material. The pamphlet will provide, we believe, a satisfying perspective of a highly important situation.

WEEK BY WEEK

GOVERNOR SMITH'S reply to the Marshall letter is destined to be the most widely read Catholic apology ever published in the United States. It answers queries which came to the fore because of the Governor's importance as a possible presidential candidate, but which have characterized American private opinion for generations. To some extent they are legacies from the time of the Religious Revolution; and it was easy for Father Duffy, the Governor's counsel regarding matters of canon law, to show that the Church's attitude toward them is modified by circumstances, changes in the concept of state government, and constitutional practice. Catholic principle, in short, never reckons with "a" state, but always with "this" or "that" state. Governor Smith himself could not deal with them authoritatively as an historian or theologian, but his burry speech as a citizen and a man entrusted with high executive office by the people of a great commonwealth, treats of them in a direct, practical, commonsense way which must gain the assent of the average intelligent person. "I have taken an oath of office in this state nineteen times. Each time I swore to defend and maintain the Constitution of the United States. All of this represents a period of public service in elective office almost continuous since 1903. I have never known any conflict between my official duties and my religious belief. No such conflict could exist. Certainly the people of this state recognize no such conflict. They have testified to my devotion to public duty by electing me to the highest office within their gift four times." This is language everybody can understand. It is the testimony of experience supported by a record of immaculate personal integrity and complete public confidence. If any Catholic is familiar with the matter in hand, it is Governor Smith; if anybody can be trusted to tell the plain truth about it, it is also he.

THUS, through a "felix culpa" on the part of some too hasty journalists, the country received an Easter letter which, though written by a layman, everywhere draws strength from the tradition of the Universal Church. But we may properly recall that Governor Smith's testimony does not stand alone. It is reinforced to the ultimate jot and tittle by the Catholic record in the United States. "Toleration" and "law" were associated for the first time in this country by the Catholic colonists in Maryland; and the code they fixed was broken only when the power to enforce it was wrested from their hands by enemies of their faith. They shared in the adoption of the Declaration and the signing of the Constitution. Every critical hour in the subsequent history of the republic found them ready to make heroic sacrifices, untroubled by any spectre of divided allegiance. Fredericksburg is part of their history, and they shared in the tangled tragedies of the Argonne. Immigration swelled their numbers with millions of people drawn from the most diverse social and racial groups, but nowhere did representatives of the Church assail American institutions (in the manner of Communists, for instance) and nowhere was there heard a syllable of any Catholic disloyalty to the Constitution. Indeed, though Catholics became numerically a power in the nation, they have never once attempted to use governmental power for their own ends, and they have zealously refrained from all attempts to write one of their special moral principles into federal or state law. They are simply citizens; and until that unimaginable, dismally hypothetical day when God and country will no longer be associated in the United States, they will ask to be judged only by the loyalty and integrity of their citizenship.

THE next war, in the opinion of many, would almost immediately become a series of minor engagements between opposing lines of trenches. Only machinery of an unimaginably devastating power could dislodge an enemy well entrenched and sufficiently supplied with men and munitions; and the ultimate decision would be gained by a test of endurance on the part of civilian populations against the ravages of economic wastage

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and social disorganization. That is why armament and war must be thought of now in wholly different terms from those which used to apply to the matter. The citizen realizes that his major service is not determined by years with the colors or training in the use of cannon or grenades. It is simply the total of the sacrifices of time, money, and effort which he and his family are able to contribute to the common cause. Obviously, this factor is of the greatest importance in such deliberations as those now stirring Geneva, although most of the talk seems to center round the specific devices of battle. If it were only a question of limiting the number of muskets or trench helmets, it would matter little what agency was to supervise the carrying out of an agreement with regard to such statistical details. But when the program of battle is seen as a whole, "disarmament" virtually means a network of pacific treaties loyally accepted and adhered to by all nations. The League was designed primarily to draw up such treaties and enforce them. But it is now so wholly an European institution, so completely separate from the United States, that it cannot carry out the great disarmament function with which it was endowed. What substitute can be found? Mr. Gibson's address at Geneva did not answer the question, but merely outlined it succinctly. The United States cannot in principle accept the governance of the League. Nevertheless, the United States wishes and needs universal progress in disarmament. Upon what basis it is to proceed becomes, therefore, a matter of grave concern to us all.

RATHER on account of the evils it unmasks than for the remedies it suggests, the reports upon traffic in women and children, prepared by a body of experts, both men and women, and recently issued by the League of Nations, is to be considered an important document. It notes with gratitude the assistance rendered to its agents by the police and other authorities of the countries in which its investigations have been carried on, and registers what the Manchester Guardian, in its comment, can term "slow and partial progress in the hampering of the procurer's work." At the same time, the "wave of indignation" asked for by the same enlightened journal seems as far off as ever. There are many reasons why the creation of a corporate international conscience in the matter of the world's oldest evil lags behind other indignations, and why it has always been hard to enlist minds of the first calibre in a crusade against the white slave traffic. When cynics who believe that "human nature will be human nature to the end of time," the sentimentalists who misuse the name of one of the greatest and sweetest saints to cover what is often a very squalid and groveling problem, the self-righteous who hesitate to touch pitch for fear of defilement, and economists who see in the silks of the harlot and the rags of the beggar only two aspects of poverty, have been eliminated, not a great many people are left. Meanwhile, there is something to be said for the suggestion that what will repay watching is not so much international borders as the no-man's-land that lies between tolerated enterprises and the brothel, in other words "the scandalous abuse of employment in the lower reaches of the industry of entertainment." When the authorities in our big centres of population begin to concern themselves seriously with this matter, regardless of the capital invested or the outward seemliness of their façades, the day of concerted action against the most infamous of trades will have been brought appreciably nearer to effective work.

CAPTAIN KIDD'S eyes would have started from their sockets at the news that more than four and a half billion dollars worth of gold have accumulated in United States banking vaults. Yet we who have it are rather perplexed than otherwise. In the first place, vast deposits in our own coinage tend to facilitate credit to an extent which makes it easy to launch enterprises in competitive fields where over-production spells disaster. Secondly, a great part of the total sum is here on deposit, pending the day when the nations to whom it belongs can reëstablish the "gold standard" in their own banking circles. This means a gradual return to financial health throughout the world, but it also means that rugged vigor has not yet been attained. Meanwhile, it is interesting to view the present status of gold production. Mr. Joseph Kitchen, the British expert, estimates that $410,000,000 worth of the precious ore was mined during 1926. This indicates an increase over the preceding years, but lags considerably behind the record figures for 1915. Production in the United States declined, however, to the lowest point reached in more than thirty years. Unless the abnormal happens and some vast new mines are unearthed, the mining of gold will not permit the maintenance of banking reserves in the manner customary in all countries. This is the view put forward by Professor Gustave Cassel, and widely discussed by contemporary financiers. It seems quite likely that unless modifications are adopted, the brides of the future will have to content themselves with heirloom rings, or with substitutes in silver, copper, or Japanese antimony.

AN INTERVIEW just accorded to La Vie Catholique by Père Lhande, the eminent Paris preacher to whose panegyric upon Beethoven The Commonweal referred last week, is timely at a moment when transmission by radio is not only placing a new public within reach of the sermon, but presenting contemporary preachers with a new set of problems which those of even half a decade ago did not have to face. No preacher in France has taken advantage of the new opportunities so whole-heartedly as Père Lhande, and what he has to say may be listened to with interest, mingled, perhaps, with a little regret as one sees a

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medium which such men as Bossuet, Massillon, and Lacordaire raised to the pitch of genius, weighed in the aerial balance and found wanting. For the French preacher insists on the fact, backed by his own experience, that the radio-sermon is not just a sermon with an amplifier attached, but a very special genre of its own, and that failure is bound to result if the change is not intelligently recognized.

ASKED to put into a few words the requirements for a good air-sermon, Père Lhande, with a self-denial striking in one of his oratorical attainments, "plumps," so to speak, for the conversational note first, last and all the time. His own experience, he declares, proves the effect of lofty phrases on audiences that sit in around a radio in slippers and shirt-sleeves to have been practically nil, while a "talk" delivered as though the speaker were one of the group, resulted in the receipt of voluminous mail the following week. Père Lhande is an enthusiast, and not everyone who reads him will be prepared to go all the way with him. On the other hand, nothing but congratulation can attend his advocacy of the radio sermon as the only means by which "engineers in remote mountains, curés whose villages are blocked with snow, and, above all, invalids, can be reached." "The most affecting letter I ever received," said Père Lhande, "came to me from an old lady bedridden for four years, who told me she cried with joy as she listened in."

THE retirement of Mr. Walter Damrosch after forty-two years of service as a conductor of symphonic music marks the end of one chapter in the story of American culture. During these years many masterly conductors bowed to the American public—some of them possibly more discerning and creative than Mr. Damrosch himself. Several important orchestras were formed, and the number of both musicians and music-lovers increased vastly. Today the rendition of symphonies is almost an industry; wages are high and competition is keen. It compels modification of easy estimates of our time as an age of jazz. In this development Mr. Damrosch was fated to take an important part. Better than any other man he discerned the rôle of lofty music as an educative force; and with rare tenacity he devoted himself to the work that needed doing. It is safe to say that more people have learned something about music from him than from any other American musical authority. His efforts to establish children's concerts and to utilize the facilities afforded by the new radio were tangent to his central educational urge. Incidentally, he did much to place excellent music—the great masters—within the reach of all. Concerts have ceased to be fashionable affairs to a far greater extent than the opera has. It is now possible to hear Beethoven and Brahms at a minimum cost without surrendering all claims to respectability. The difficulties involved in this economic adjustment have been great and continue to weigh heavily upon the consciences of all conductors. But, thanks to generous patronage, one is safe in assuming that symphony music will loyally abide by the "democratic rule" which Mr. Damrosch did so much to help establish. He will continue to appear before New York audiences, however, so that there is no necessity for bidding him a final farewell at this time.

THE first quarter of this year has been singularly prolific in scientific centenaries. The month of March gave us two more. Sir Isaac Newton, born in 1642—curiously enough, the very year in which Galileo died—himself died on March 20, 1727. Laplace was born on March 28, 1749, and died on March 5, 1827. Of his scientific merits nothing need be said here beyond the fact that he was the peer of Newton and of Liebnitz in his physical investigations. Though Laplace lived and died a Catholic, practising his religion steadily, if not with the fervor—so far as we know—which marked Volta, a curious incident has led many people to think that he was an unbeliever. In more than one of his works he is responsible for the ridiculous and wholly unhistorical tale that Halley's comet, when it appeared in the skies, was conjured to depart by Pope Callistus III. Why he should have invented this story no man can surmise, any more than why the otherwise entirely unknown Abbe Irailh should have put the words, "Eppur se muove," into Galileo's mouth a hundred years after that genius had gone to his grave. Like "Up, guards, and at 'em!" and "My kingdom for a horse!" it represents the kind of thing that might have been said, but was not.

AT ANY rate, Laplace lit a bigger fire than he had intended, and he could not extinguish it though he suppressed the tale in later editions. Draper, of course, reveled in it: it was a lie after his own heart. Others touched it up, so that a story the only truthful feature of which was the fact that there was a comet, was thus augmented, as the Catholic Encyclopedia tells us: "The atheist Arago changed the 'conjuration' into excommunication. Vice-Admiral Smith added the exorcism, Robert Grant the anathema, Clammarion the 'malefice,' and finally John Draper the malediction. Here the vocabulary came to an end." But each person had obeyed the direction to leave a story, when you are telling it, a little improved upon what it was when you found it. The effect on Laplace's reputation of his share in this creation was augmented by a story (perhaps apocryphal) of a conversation with Napoleon Bonaparte, and by certain remarks in his books which have led some to argue that he held the existence of God only as a hypothesis. But careful examination shows that this is not true, and that the term hypothesis was employed merely in connection with some philosophical or unphilosophical ideas of Newton and Leibnitz as to the operations of the Deity.

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THE annual command, "Play ball," is notable for many reasons, one of which is certainly the concentration of spectacular stars. Never before have the cities of the East had such a monopoly of the players who fill the bleachers. Rogers Hornsby will rival Babe Ruth in New York City; Cobb, Speaker, and Walter Johnson are attached to two neighboring towns; and if "Dazzy" Vance can delight the heart of Brooklyn by a return to his customary radiance, the six greatest attractions of the diamond will all be able to walk from their homes to the seashore in a few hours. The causes of this situation are manifold, but certainly money is not the most important one of them. Baseball publicity in the East is more fulsome and fervent than it is anywhere else. If a first-class New York player cared to preserve all the newspaper clippings referring to himself during a year, he would have to acquire a warehouse for the purpose. In all likelihood, of course, few places of storage are requisitioned for such a purpose. But the public is quick to react to the stress of publicity and journalistic comment. Persons like Mr. Ruth are the sole dependable recipes for cash income where the sun shines. It is curious, is it not, how subtly the "star system," so widely railed at in drama, has settled on the perch of the national sport?

AMALGAMATION, consolidation, or whatever name the law cares to assume for the process by which small concerns are gobbled up by big ones, and big ones digested by those still bigger, is once more evidenced in the taking over by Mr. Gordon Selfridge of William Whiteley, Ltd., the first dry-goods store to bulk into greatness in London, if not in the world. Thousands of American residents in, or visitors to, England must retain a lively memory of the "universal provider." Indeed, it was hard for any but the stay-at-home to escape some acquaintance with the activities of a man whose cases were unloaded in every port where the British trading ensign flew. One peculiarity of William was that his business grew cell by cell and not by the spectacular methods successors use to impress the purchasing public. Consequently, until comparatively late in its career, a great part of the establishment remained a congeries of small, dark shops, connected by a maze of winding stairs and narrow passages. But, however unimpressive in appearance, the enterprise, in the words of the late Mr. Morgan Richards, was "mammoth in character." Its universality leaped to the eye (and nose) in swinging, scolding parrots and chattering monkeys, housed next door to departments which wafted the odors of exotic fruits and toilet specialities. The owner of this Arabian Nights entertainment of merchandising was a picturesque figure. Dressed in tightly-buttoned non-conforming broadcloth, his long grey whiskers fluttering in the breeze, it was his custom to arrive at business riding or driving the blackest and sleekest horse ever seen outside the shafts of the mortician. He died tragically and with attendant scandal. His career has been commemorated in a musical comedy and in one of the best of Shaw's plays; and it deserves the tribute of a retrospective sigh.

THE confidence placed by the citizen in the postoffice authorities seems nothing short of utter. What is a little matter like an address between friends? We all entrust to the mails documents bearing illegible directions or, indeed, no directions at all. "Go and he goeth" apears to be the attitude toward many a fresh epistle. More startling, however, is the random treatment accorded parcels by hosts of mailers. Recently the New York postoffices issued what was prosaically entitled "a catalogue of unclaimed articles accumulated and to be sold at auction." The amount of the spoils was extraordinary. They included about everything, from gold watches to Lives of the Saints; from infants' bibs to grandmother's easy chair. Mound upon mound of gathered treasure, in which there was often a glitter that might have touched the heart of Captain Kidd, waited the offer of the highest bidder. Judging by the eager industry of various merchants hovering nearby, it is not at all unlikely that the person who forgot to place Mary's name on the parcel intended for Mary's birthday gift, may in the future purchase the donated article all over again. Perhaps no manifestation of carelessness is more futile.

THE DEATH PENALTY

THE case of Sacco and Vanzetti cannot properly be settled out of court. If a trial "by due process of law" is unable accurately to determine guilt or innocence, there is little reason for trusting a group of bystanders. But the court itself is always very properly being scrutinized by public opinion. The integrity of its motives, the impartiality with which it conducts hearings, the general tempo of its actions—these are matters which the average enlightened citizen will not entrust to chance. And when a large number of reputable Massachusetts men and women agree that Judge Thayer's treatment of the two Italian Communists was unfair, when they are ready to assert that he did not even conceal his personal bias against "radicals," the nation as a whole cannot remain indifferent to what will be done. In 1920, when the trial first began, popular fears of "Bolshevism" were so strong that little sympathy could have been aroused on behalf of two "foreign Reds." Today, however, we are viewing all such things calmly. Sympathy is not now an issue. We are all concerned that the reputation of the United States judiciary for fairness and justice be maintained in a case which has attracted international attention. Because doubt exists—and even something more than doubt—every effort should be made to induce the executive officials of Massachusetts to set aside the death sentence imposed upon Sacco and Vanzetti, to order a new trial by a new judge, or to deal with the case in some other appropriate manner.

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In principle, this effort is supported by tradition. The "governor's pardon" is not properly an individual act of mercy, but a tribunal of last resort in which evidence and reasons not weighed in the court-room can be taken into account. It was never more salutary than now to oppose attempts to describe this prerogative as unsalutary and demoralizing. The public fight against desperate criminals has led to something like a growing eagerness to impose the death sentence. But whatever may be the ultimate righteousness of this penalty, no matter how valuable it may prove as a deterrent, it has a finality, an utter lack of gradations, which in practice often renders it seriously unjust. Sentimental humanitarianism may not be an argument in favor of abolishing the "death house," but the more men know of psychology and the greater their charity is toward the ignorant and the poor, the more inclined they will necessarily be to restrict executions to those cases in which flagrant criminality cries out for pitiless retribution. Instead, therefore, of gradually abandoning their authority to lift the rigor of a sentence from the back of one condemned, the governors of the present and the future ought to stand ready to exercise it more frequently. There was an "altar of mercy" even in fallen Athens.

Sacco and Vanzetti, however, do not invite considerations of leniency. Their fate involves the much more fundamental issue of justice. One may not like communistic propaganda, and there is no reason why one should. But normally this propaganda is not bound up with acts of petty thievery or mean murder. At all events, there is no reason a priori for voting the normal Communist guilty of everything that happens in his neighborhood. Let us hope that the time is still far distant when the courts, in their legitimate concern for the defense of property, will adopt so "eminently conservative a temper" as actually and unfairly to prejudice human life. The vigorous protest which Judge Thayer's action stirred up is a splendid testimonial to the ability of American civic intelligence for maintaining a cool ability to distinguish, to insist upon standards in the administration of justice, and to regard those whom it has no particular cause to love as human beings possessing human rights.

A VIEW OF EUROPE

LUCIEN ROMIER is no longer editor of the Paris Figaro. That reputable journal, since its purchase by Coty, the "perfume king," has displayed a consistent tendency toward ridding itself of intelligent directors. First Latzarus, witty and conservative, made his departure, and now Romier has gone. In the latter case, the loss to France and the world is serious. Romier is a man who not merely has come to grips with European realities, but whose opinion is respected by the ablest of Paris statesmen. He will, of course, continue to write. To date, his books are easily the most important contribution made by post-war France to contemporary political thinking. They have the great virtue of deriving from facts without being at all positivistic. Their success with the reading public throughout Europe is as deserved as it is encouraging.

To a large extent, this success is due to Romier's vision of the Europe which he posits as the goal of reconstruction efforts. He thinks of a "federal organism, composed of peoples having equal rights." The greatest obstacle, clearly revealed by the war but in existence long before, is the opposition between France and Germany. Can this be surmounted? Romier points out that the sources of disagreement are not at all "natural forces" or anything of that kind. French civilization, for instance, could not afford to ignore German art, science, and history. But the two countries confront each other like two neighboring sources of energy having divergent purposes and sure, unless intelligently directed, to clash. Therefore the problem of reconstruction is not essentially a matter of "culture" or civilization, but of economic or "energy" adjustment. "The first step," declares Romier, "must be associations of an industrial character. Sound and facile business relations, not policies of political expansion, constitute the saving recipe." These relations depend to some extent, of course, upon the state of popular thinking and feeling.

"The average Frenchman," says Romier, "finds himself in the position of a man who, sitting under a huge rock, is told that the rock may fall." He remembers those who have fallen in battle, he is determined not to be taken by surprise again. For these reasons no diplomacy can, at present, even begin to talk "sentimentally" of Franco-German relationships in the manner so frequently adopted by the British with reference to the United States. But there are other agencies for influencing the normal citizen. "We can arrive at an understanding," says Romier, "in intellectual, artistic, religious, and social matters. We have learned from experience that German scholars are favorably received in Paris, and that French scholars are welcomed in Germany. Religious relations are also of the greatest importance, and must not be left to chance. Our common effort to do missionary work in heathen lands must not be vitiated by quarrels among ourselves for nationalistic reasons." In short, far from being "ineradicably contrasted," the civilizations of France and Germany have so many things in common that these can be used to foster the economic accord out of which a federated Europe can be born.

Romier, a good Catholic, conceives of Europe in the old Christian universalist sense. To him it is not a welter of conflicting, wrangling separatisms, but a world which sprang from a common source—from a law, a philosophy and a faith so precious that in order to conserve them men will ultimately be willing to adjust the difficult business of economic prowess. His view is therefore not merely factual and concrete, but optimistic also in the sense which has always been valuable to mankind in eras of crisis like the present.

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CHURCH, STATE AND CONSTITUTION

By JOHN A. RYAN

(The following comment on the Open Letter to Governor Smith contributed to the April Atlantic Monthly by Mr. Charles C. Marshall, supplements what was said editorially in The Commonweal for April 13. Dr. Ryan's status as an authority on Catholic principle and American constitutional practice is recognized everywhere. His present paper gains added significance from the fact that his views on the matter here considered were challenged recently by the Reverend A. C. Dieffenbach.—The Editors.)

IN THE April number of the Atlantic Monthly, Mr. Charles C. Marshall calls for a statement that shall clear away all doubt concerning the reconcilability with constitutional principles of the status and claims of the Catholic Church. The following paragraphs attempt to answer, one after another, all the questions and difficulties that he raises.

I.

First (page 541, column two): Mr. Marshall quotes Pope Leo XIII to the effect that no religious society other than the Catholic Church possesses divine sanction and that none of the other churches has a natural right to function on the same basis.

This is the Catholic position but it does not conflict with the Constitution, for the simple reason that the Constitution has nothing to say about this doctrine. The Consitution defines legal rights, not natural rights.

Second (page 541, column two): Mr. Marshall cites a statement from the Catholic Encyclopedia concerning "dogmatic intolerance" as the right and duty of the Catholic Church.

This is merely another way of asserting the claim described above. Obviously it has nothing to do with the Constitution.

Third (page 542, column one): Mr. Marshall correctly quotes Pope Leo XIII as saying that the Church "does not condemn those rulers" who for sufficient reasons allow each kind of religion to have a place in the state. Then he translates "does not condemn" into "will allow," which is a bit invidious.

There is nothing in the Constitution which forbids the Catholic Church or any other church to take this attitude. Mr. Marshall's indignant question, "whether such favors can be accepted in place of rights by those owning the name of free men?" is irrelevant and gratuitous. Since the claim which he is criticizing is not forbidden by the Constitution or the laws of the land, it does not concern him as an American citizen. Of course, he has the legal right to resent the claim, as a member of the Anglican Church.

II.

Fourth (page 542, column two): Mr. Marshall points out that the Catholic Church claims the right to determine the line which separates its jurisdiction from that of the state in those "mixed matters" in which both have an interest. According to Mr. Marshall, "the Constitution of the United States clearly ordains that the state shall determine the question." What he seems to mean is that this principle is implicit in the Constitution, inasmuch as the Supreme Court has declared that "practices inconsistent with the peace and safety of the state shall not be justified." In other words, the American state constitutionally claims the right to determine for itself what practices are inconsistent with its peace and safety.

Obviously it does, and must, within the limits fixed by the Constitution. However, the Supreme Court has not left the matter quite so vague as it appears in the words which Mr. Marshall quotes from Watson vs. Jones. In another sentence of that decision, the Court declared that Americans have the right "to practise any religious doctrine which does not violate the laws of morality and property and which does not infringe personal rights." In Mormon Church vs. United States, the same Court decided that "the state has a perfect right to prohibit polygamy." The Catholic Church likewise condemns all these practices. On the other hand, the Supreme Court has never construed as unconstitutional any practice of the Catholic Church. Hence, there is no conflict in the realm of actuality. If any had existed in the realm of possibility it would have been converted into reality long before now.

Fifth (page 543, column two): Mr. Marshall adduces the words of Pope Leo XIII to the effect that it is not lawful for the state "to hold in equal favor different kinds of religions," and then cites these words of the Constitution: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

At last we seem to be confronted with a genuine conflict. The Pope seems to declare unlawful an arrangement which the Constitution requires Congress to maintain. But the Pope is speaking of normal or ideal conditions, this is, those which should obtain in what is technically known as a "Catholic state." He is not referring to such a state as ours. In his encyclical letter on Catholicity in the United States, the same Pope implicitly approved the relations between Church and state existing in this country. The distinction between a "Catholic state" in which the normal arrangement is a union between the ecclesiastical and civil powers, and a country containing several religious societies already established, is well known in Catholic literature on this subject. Why does Mr. Marshall ignore it? Why does he not recall here the statement which he cites from Pope Leo earlier in his

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article, namely, that the Church does not condemn such religious equality as we have in the United States? If he desired to be completely accurate and fair, he would have quoted the declaration of a distinguished German theologian, Father Pohle, that it is very doubtful whether a single "Catholic state" exists today. When we examine the whole situation we find that the apparent contradiction vanishes into thin air.

Sixth (page 543, column two): Mr. Marshall quotes Pope Leo as saying that the Catholic Church deems it unlawful to place all other religions on the same footing as the true religion, whereas, the Supreme Court, in Watson vs. Jones, declared that our law "knows no heresy and is committed to the support of no dogma, the establishment of no sect."

Here again Pope Leo is discussing the normal and ideal situation, not conditions such as obtain in the United States. Even so, his statement is not formally contradicted by the words of the Supreme Court. The Court does not say that all religions are equally good or true. It was not considering that question. It used the words quoted above in order to emphasize the difference between the attitude of American courts and that of British courts toward the validity of ecclesiastical statutes. Whether one religion is as good as another or whether the Catholic religion is the only true one, are questions upon which the Constitution is silent and to which the Supreme Court will in no conceivable circumstances presume to return an answer.

Seventh (page 544, column one): Mr. Marshall cites Pope Leo's rejection of the opinion "that it would be universally lawful or expedient for state and Church to be, as in America, dissevered and divorced." This statement, he finds, is somehow in conflict with our constitutional separation of church and state.

Of course, there is no such conflict. Mr. Marshall thinks that separation of church and state is the best arrangement for the United States. Practically all American Catholics hold the same opinion. Mr. Marshall thinks that is the best plan, not only for our country, but for all countries everywhere, and he intimates that this abstract opinion is imbedded in the Constitution. This is absurd. In providing for separation of church and state the Constitution no more implies that this order ought to obtain everywhere than that a republic is the best form of government for all peoples.

Eighth (page 544, column one): Mr. Marshall asks Governor Smith whether he believes that the Catholic Church or the Supreme Court should prevail when they differ upon a question of jurisdiction.

For the reasons given above, especially under Fourth, Governor Smith or any other Catholic can logically deny the possibility of actual conflict.

III.

Ninth (page 544, column two): Had the pleadings on behalf of the Oregon Anti-Private School Law, says Mr. Marshall, included the assertion that the parochial schools "gave instruction inconsistent with the peace and safety of the state," the Supreme Court would necessarily have pronounced the law valid.

If this interpretation of the mind of the Court is correct, counsel for the State of Oregon were negligent or unfortunate or both in having failed to associate Mr. Marshall with the defense of the law.

Tenth (page 545, column one): Mr. Marshall goes on to specify the Catholic teachings which he regards as "inconsistent with the peace and safety of the state," and which he says would so appear to the Supreme Court. Here they are: it is not universally lawful for the state and the Catholic Church to be separated; the non-Catholic religions have no natural right to state protection; dogmatic intolerance is the right and duty of the Catholic Church; when laws conflict that of the Church should prevail.

As we have already seen, the first three of these declarations are abstract propositions upon which the Constitution has nothing to say, for it is not concerned with general doctrines of this sort, but with practical policies. The principle that the law of the Church should prevail over that of the state in case of conflict would scarcely be noted by the Supreme Court, so long as no evidence was presented to show that Catholic schools or the Catholic pulpit taught disobedience to the state. Here as in many other paragraphs, Mr. Marshall fails to distinguish between the application of practical doctrines to "Catholic states" and their adaptation to states which recognize no particular form of religion.

IV.

Eleventh (page 545, column one): The Catholic Church, says Mr. Marshall, claims the right to fix the conditions for the validity of all marriages of baptized persons. Hence, the Roman authorities declared invalid the marriage of the Marlboroughs on the ground that it lacked one of the required conditions. This act constituted an "utter disregard of the sovereignty" of New York State and of Great Britain.

The State of New York considers invalid the divorces which many other states grant for "incompatibility of temper" and subsequent marriages contracted by the parties to these divorces. Does this show "utter disregard of the sovereignty" of the sister states? The State of South Carolina does not recognize divorce for any cause. Several states do not recognize marriages between white persons and Negroes. Do these restrictions imply "utter disregard of the sovereignty" of the other states of the Union? The church of which Mr. Marshall is a distinguished member will not remarry persons who obtain civil divorces for any cause except marital unfaithfulness. Does his church thereby show "utter disregard of the sovereignty" of those commonwealths which grant divorce for other reasons? Here are several

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"conflicts" on the subject of marriage. They differ only in degree, not at all in kind, from the difference which obtains between our civil regulations concerning marriage and the law of the Catholic Church. Of course, the Church would prefer that all the other states prohibited divorce as does South Carolina. Of course, the Church holds that the states do wrong in granting divorce. Here is a genuine conflict between the theory practised by our states and the doctrine held by the Church. Nevertheless, I have never heard of a Catholic priest being arrested for violating the marriage laws of the state in which he resided.

Moreover, Mr. Marshall's entire discussion about education and marriage is irrelevant and impertinent in a letter addressed to a possible candidate for President of the United States. The federal government has no control over either of these fields. Consequently the President is never called upon to take any official attitude thereupon, and in no circumstances could he change the civil laws governing either education or marriage. As Governor of New York State, Mr. Smith does enjoy some power of these sorts, but I have never heard it charged that he exerted it contrary to the Constitution or the laws of New York.

V.

Twelfth (page 545, column two): Mr. Marshall drags in the Mexican situation, but his only pertinent contention is that Mr. William D. Guthrie was speaking "officially" for the Catholic Church when he declared that armed intervention by the United States would be justified by "many historical precedents."

As a matter of fact, Mr. Guthrie's statement has no official character or value whatever and he would be the last person to make any such claim. Why does Mr. Marshall ignore the pastoral letter of the American hierarchy on Mexico which is the only official pronouncement that we have and which explicitly disclaims any desire for armed intervention by the United States?

Thirteenth (page 548, column two): Mr. Marshall assures us that he will be satisfied if Catholics "will but concede" that the claims which he has been discussing will, unless modified, "precipitate an inevitable conflict between the Roman Catholic Church and the American state, irreconcilable with domestic peace."

Well, we will not concede anything of the sort, for we know the teaching and spirit of our Church better than does Mr. Marshall, and we think we understand the provisions and implications of the Constitution. We even indulge the supposition that we have a better acquaintance than he with the rules of logic.

Fourteenth (page 549, column two): Mr. Marshall reaches across the ocean to England and to Rome in order to exploit his grievance against Pope Leo XIII for having declared the invalidity of Anglican Orders. Surely this is mere trifling. The papal action which he criticizes was a matter of internal administration of the Catholic Church. It denied admission into the Catholic priesthood of Anglican clergy without reordination. What has this to do with politics? And what possible basis does it set for a conflict between the American state and the Catholic Church? Here again Mr. Marshall seems to be speaking, not as an American citizen, but as a member of the Anglican Church who resents the Pope's attitude toward his denomination.

Fifteenth (page 549, column two): Finally, Mr. Marshall goes back nearly three and a half centuries to tell us about John Felton, who was hanged during the reign of Queen Elizabeth for treason but who was beatified in 1886 by Pope Leo XIII.

The burden of his complaint in this case seems to be that the Pope does not always approve every action performed by a political government. Does Mr. Marshall ask us to hold that every state is morally omnipotent? If he will read Professor Laski's Studies in the Problem of Sovereignty he will find an interesting record of other churches that refused to obey some of the laws passed by the British Parliament. He asks whether "the record of the Roman Catholic Church in England is consistent with the peace and safety of the state." As addressed to Governor Smith this question is irrelevant and impertinent. The only political group properly interested are the people of England, and they seem to have been far less excited about these episodes than Mr. Marshall.

Governor Smith is to be congratulated on the publication of Mr. Marshall's questions. They are professedly located on a lofty plane and they are propounded by a distinguished lawyer. Yet the last five pages of the article have no relation to the office of President of the United States. Education and marriage are the exclusive concern of the several states, the opinions of Mr. Guthrie on the Mexican situation have no official authority, while Anglican Orders and the beatification of John Felton are beyond the control of any American citizen. The "conflicts" between the Catholic Church and the Constitution of the United States which Mr. Marshall strives to show in the first four pages of his article, fade out of the picture when we recall that the Catholic doctrine of union between Church and state applies practically only to "Catholic states"; that Pope Leo XIII implicitly approved the separation which exists in the United States, and that the Constitution neither defines the natural rights of religious societies nor enunciates any abstract doctrine about their equality nor pronounces upon the value of the American system as a universal arrangement nor asserts any claim of religious or moral jurisdiction which could bring the American state into actual conflict with the Catholic Church. In a word, Mr. Marshall's effort is so vain and futile that some of the bigoted persons from whom he rightly dissociates himself may, perhaps, be tempted to infer that his recent article was prearranged with Governor Smith, that it was, in fact, "a frame-up."

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NATIONAL SELF-INTEREST

BY GEORGE E. ANDERSON

THE determination of national policy in international relations, so often regarded as the fulmination of a governmental Jove, is usually the result of practical considerations which have more to do with the necessity of avoiding trouble than with any particular regard for the broad principles of statecraft. All government, indeed, is an intensely practical matter; and in international affairs, governments are faced with the necessity of dealing with facts which have little relation to international altruism, except in so far as altruism is incidental to the settlement of practical issues, or becomes in itself a circumstance to be reckoned with as a material factor in such issues.

It is not in accord with prevailing thought in these days of post-war contentions to belittle the influence of peace propaganda based upon international good will and universal brotherhood; but in all truth it must be confessed that the necessities of diplomacy are directly opposed to the sentimental settlement of international questions. Doubtless, international good will lubricates the machinery of international adjustment, but it does so mainly by enabling one party to a controversy to appreciate the viewpoint of the other party. Actual settlement is reached upon a factual basis.

Probably no human relations give rise to more indefinite and loose reasoning, or more plain bunk, than the relations of states to each other. In no line of politics is advice given more freely or with less knowledge than in international politics; nor is authenticity added to such advice by the fact that often a case which is made the subject of ponderous discussion of principle is decided by comparatively petty details known only to the foreign offices concerned, and quite often carefully concealed from the public for "reasons of state." Momentous national policies controlling the destinies of great peoples often resolve themselves, in official chancelleries, into lines of least resistance.

Not many years ago, as time is counted in international relations, Lord Salisbury, then premier of Great Britain, startled the chancelleries of the world by referring to certain of his country's contemporaries as "dying nations." His Lordship aroused a deal of comment by asserting that there was seldom any truth in the idea of many international political writers that nations adopt and follow a definite foreign policy from year to year and even from generation to generation. As a rule, affirmed Lord Salisbury, governments live on a hand-to-mouth basis, and national foreign policies usually represent the line of least resistance or of immediate national need.

Seldom if ever has a statesman of the commanding position and personality of Lord Salisbury made so frank a confession of the preponderance of the personal equation and the human element in the practical government of great nations. It was refreshing, particularly refreshing because it was so true. Of course, the statement of this eminent British statesman must not be read so literally that it is taken to indicate that nations never have a continuous policy from year to year and even from generation to generation; the facts are otherwise. But what it does mean is that national policies in international relations are most often determined by the need of the moment; and that, if a nation's policy toward any or all other nations continues the same from year to year, such policy is the expression of a continuing national need, a continuing national urge which the government of the time feels and expresses, exemplifies and fulfills, as a part of its own practical existence. In any discussion of the relations of states with each other, it must be assumed that each state is in a position to act freely in accordance with its needs and desires. Often such is not the case, and policies must be modified accordingly. Yet in the long run this has little influence upon the principles involved.

The policy of a nation under particular circumstances concerned with another state is determined, first, by its interests involved, and, second, by the best or what apparently are the best means of protecting, conserving or advancing those interests, as opposed to the interests of other nations. Governments seldom assume a position or otherwise express themselves as to questions of international polity in which they have no selfish concern. Nor it is merely cynical to observe that the chief displays of international good will and generosity come from those nations which in particular times and places have the least benefits or possessions at stake. Limiting their action or at least shaping their national course by the interests which they may have in a situation, the usual diplomacy of states necessarily exemplifies an adjustment of such interests rather than an adherence to principles; and while examples are not wanting of the interplay of national or racial feeling in controlling governmental policies, these settlements, sooner or later, are determined by interests and not by feeling.

The acknowledged policy of the United States in China, for example, has long been one of friendly assistance and good will. It is a policy which, fortunately, agrees with the generous feeling of the average American toward most countries, particularly those which appeal to the American sense of helpfulness. It enables him to pat himself upon the back as an international good fellow, a benevolent elder brother. The truth is, that American policy toward China, in large part at least, is determined by the fact that our inter-

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ests in the Chinese situation chiefly lie in the educational, commercial, and political development of China along modern lines. It is to our advantage that China assume among the nations of the world that place which its history and the real genius of its people naturally will assign to it when such development is realized. Were this not to our advantage, our policy would be different. Doubtless we would continue to entertain as kindly a spirit toward China as circumstances would permit, but our practical attitude toward China would be determined by practical considerations.

Nor can one regard the developments of international polity in Europe during the past year, exemplified at Locarno and Thoiry, otherwise than as examples of enlightened self-interest on the part of the powers concerned. The possibility that France and Germany may finally come within measurable distance of a time and condition when they are willing to let bygones be bygones may please theorists on the subject of international good will and the brotherhood of man; but the fact is patent to all who know anything about the situation that a rapprochement between France and Germany, or for that matter between any of the nations of Europe, rests solely upon the idea, finally penetrating European consciousness, that they can best advance economic, social, and political interests by subduing the racial and national animosities which have caused centuries of warfare, and by following a policy of mutual concession toward each other. It is national self-interest that governs.

It is unquestionably true that there is an increasing recognition among the nations of the world that the interests of each can best be conserved by a fair regard for the interests of all. The cause of the brotherhood of man and the parliament of the world has been greatly advanced by modern thought and discussion. It is a long way from such thought and discussion, however, to the practical shaping of international policies; and at present, and for some time to come, international action is and will be guided by national interest playing upon national interest. It is a world of hard fact dealing with hard facts.

One's first reaction on realizing this situation is revulsion from the idea that what seems to be crass selfishness should operate as the controlling factor in international affairs. And to a certain extent such is the case. However, there is another and perhaps more important aspect to the matter. The permanent settlement of every international conflict of interests can rest only upon a proper adjustment of such interests based upon an appreciation of the facts of the case. Such an agreement becomes the equivalent of a settlement in law. In practical effect it is a decision of an international court. By what other safe criterion than a proper consideration of all interests can a settlement be reached? The rejection or neglect of a material interest of any nation in its relation with other nations merely invites trouble at home which sooner or later is reflected in trouble abroad. Only just recognition of, and protection for, public and private national interests, as opposed to the interests of other nations or other nationals, can render future harmonious relations possible.

While a government may find it necessary to overrule or override various interests of its own people or of itself in order to conserve or advance greater interests, it can justify itself in relation both to its own people and to other nations by the preponderance of the greater interests. Its raison d'etre is the protection of the interests of its own people. In arriving at an adjustment of a controversy with another nation, no government has any more justification for ignoring the rights and interests of its citizens than a court of law has for ignoring the rights of litigants appearing before it. What may at first appear to be a policy of selfishness is in reality a policy of peace based upon justice, for only upon justice can the peaceful relations of state be maintained. A government must be just before it has any right, much less occasion, to be generous.

The foreign relations of a country are preëminently a governmental matter, to be managed by the government within the limit of its powers, and especially in accordance with that full knowledge of the practical and real interests involved which usually only the government can possess. Foreign offices are far from being infallible. More than one, as Lord Salisbury remarked regarding Great Britain's course toward Russia in its relations with Turkey, has backed the wrong horse. But on the whole, these foreign chancelleries are several jumps ahead of their critics. They have a better knowledge of what national interests are involved in an issue and what other parties to a controversy have to say about them. Whether their policies are day-to-day temporizing or a day-to-day recognition of great national urges, or whether such policies are shaped to protect and conserve the interests of the humble citizenry, an issue is a concrete, definite affair which demands concrete, definite settlement.

It is unfortunate that in the nature of the case, both as a matter of expediting business and for the protection of the interests of third parties, much of diplomacy must be conducted secretly. It is seldom practicable for the general public to be informed as to the concrete facts and concrete problems which a government faces in its conduct of a particular crisis. No one outside of the foreign office directly concerned can know all the factors in a problem in international relations or all the problems which a particular case involves. A certain amount of trust in the government, no matter of what administration or of what particular party, is necessary, not only in decent fairness to the administration, but also for the proper handling of public business. After all, the government is our government acting in behalf of our interests, and in the long run it is our real, concrete, and properly determined interests which control its policy.

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TOO OLD

By JAMES HOPPER

WHEN I was a boy, we lived on a quiet little ranch to which my adventurous father had retired at last, in the Sierra foothills. In summer, this ranch became a sort of country hotel. Rubber-booted fishermen came to board here; for not far behind, the hills rose to pine-clad mountains cleft by clear streams which sparkled with live firm trout. One day, when I was about six—a little burned-nosed lad clad in a pair of overalls and half a suspender—my father said at supper-time: "Jackie, you take Mr. Kammerer fishing tomorrow."

I was immensely flattered. Mr. Kammerer was our oldest and favorite guest. He had been coming here for ten years, regularly, two weeks of every summer. He was a bookkeeper down in the city—there were still bookkeepers in those days, drab, gentle beings who spent their lives putting down little figures in great big books. The rest of his life was dull, too: he was a bachelor, and lived with an older invalid sister—people did such things in those days. But every year, for two weeks, he climbed out of this moldy existence into the clear light air of our mountains—and fished. A passionate fisherman he was. And it is not the facts I have set down which drew to him the boy I was then; but the beauty, the mystery that glittered about his angler's equipment. He came up each year with everything that was new and fine in rig. Wondrous thick woolen shirts, canvas jackets with a thousand pockets, long hip boots of red rubber; poles thin as your little finger and strong as masts; lines like gossamer, resistant as cables; transparent leaders; flashing, complicated reels. And flies! Flies like the fragments of a rainbow; like the heaped jewels of a sorcerer in a cave!

"All right, Father," I said proudly. And the next morning, before dawn, I was out in the corral with my lantern, to hitch the mare to the cart. When I drove around to the veranda steps, he was already there, waiting in the slowly greening darkness. He was a long, thin, oldish boy, with a long sad nose, and long flat feet. Those feet used to fascinate me when he walked. Each, coming down in turn, felt the earth gingerly with the angle of the heel; then, as if making up its mind, slapped down suddenly like a little plank.

He stowed his gear in the cart, climbed in at my side, and we drove off. How well I can remember it still, that first day with him! We rattled first along the foothills, shorn a velvet brown. But we rose fast, and soon were among the pines; each turn of the narrow road was wet and lush; we could hear on all sides a tinkling of small waters under the sighing of the trees, while the big streams roared. Finally we stopped where he always did his fishing. The road, here, was hung along the side of a deep canyon; below, hidden by the trees and the brush, the stream which he fished sang loud. I turned the cart about and he got out. Leaning against the motionless wheel, he jointed his rod, threaded it. He fixed his reel, pulled up the flaps of his boots, slung his basket; to my pleased amazement, he tapped a revolver hanging at his belt.

"Here is the way we will do it, Johnnie," he said. "I am going down there." He pointed toward the bottom of the canyon. "I always fish downstream; you up here drive slowly down canyon, keeping even with me. Imagine me down there whipping the pools, and try to keep even with me. When I am ready to come out, I'll shoot off this"—he tapped the gun. "That will tell you still better where I am."

The plan had a vague color of adventure: I nodded, well pleased, and I am sure my eyes must have been bright. Pushing himself away from the cart, he went across the level at his awkward flat-footed walk, struck the slope, and began to disappear. He was gone up to his knees, to the waist. He entered the brush. For a moment, only his pole showed, then he had vanished, and after a moment I heard a stone, dislodged, roll far down the slope.

And I remained up there, all alone in the golden bath of the risen sun, a bit flaccid, with rounded back, my senses drinking secretly of the beauty of the moment. After a while, I gave the mare a flick of the reins, at which she went down the road a little way and stopped. After a while I gave another slap of the reins, and she made another short stretch, and stopped.

Thus I spent the morning—that happy morning, ah—so long ago! Sometimes I lay back across the seat and looked up into the blue, blue, blue, blue sky. Now and then I played truant. A little frog caught by the wayside charmed me for some moments; once, frankly leaving my equipage, I stalked the far cooing call of a quail up a pine-clad slope, till breathless I lay within a few feet of the beautiful crested bird. But gradually I was moving down canyon, to my idea of Mr. Kammerer's progress at the bottom. I could see him clearly in my mind's eye, in the cool freshness beneath, up to his hips in the cold clear waters which swirled about his legs, landing bright flies with delicate casts on the crest of riffles above deep green pools. Then, just as the height of the sun and the hollowness of my stomach told me that we must be well toward lunch-time, I heard his shot down below.

I had guessed fairly well. I turned the cart about, went back some hundred yards, turned it again, waited; and sure enough, after a little while I saw him emerging slowly not far from me, a string of trout

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dangling from his left wrist, cold and firm as if made of pressed steel.

He came across the level at his flat-footed walk, stowed his gear, then took his seat by my side, and we started rattling down hill toward the ranch and the midday meal, fragrant already in my nostrils. "Here, Johnnie," he said as we dismounted near the corral. "Here's for your good work this morning."

In my palm he pressed a ten-cent piece. Ten cents! Grandeur! Fortune! I was his slave for life.

But this was not the last ten-cent piece I was to receive from Mr. Kammerer. The following morning, I again ciceroned him in his fishing, and the next, and the next, and the next, and every single day of his two weeks' stay.

Nor was that all. The next summer, when he arrived after his long drab year in the city, my father said to me again, "Jackie, you take Mr. Kammerer fishing tomorrow," and for the succeeding two weeks, every morning I drove our familiar guest to his fishing place, dawdled down canyon to the sound of his shot, and drove him back again. And so it was the following summer, and the next, and the next. Year passed after year; I was growing into a big fellow; and each summer for two weeks I accompanied Mr. Kammerer on the passionate pursuit which offered him the one clear window in his life's darkish house.

But finally, I was of age to go to college, and my father sent me East, and I was gone for four years. When I returned, I was in the full tide of my youth. It was in my veins, my youth, sometimes a gentle song, sometimes loud as a crash of cymbals; it swelled in every cell of me, a subtle ecstasy. And that night my father said: "Jack—how would you like to take Mr. Kammerer fishing tomorrow?"

I listened but a moment to something within me before I answered, "I'd like to." And the next morning, before dawn, I was out with my lantern in the corral, and a little later was driving to the shadowy form waiting at the veranda steps in the half darkness. How spare he was! His legs were mere pipestems! He was shivering, his hands cupped to the breath of his mouth. He stowed his gear into the cart with slow gesture.

And we drove off as on that first day, years ago, when I was but a little boy. Rattling through the sun-browned foothills in the greying dawn, then at slow toil up into the lush, green-pinnacled higher country, all tinkling with clear waters, we came to the well-remembered canyon, the well-known spot. I stopped and turned the cart around. He climbed out; his back against the stilled wheel, he got together his gear. How his hands trembled! I was amazed at the way his hands trembled.

"We'll do as we always do, Johnnie," he said. "I'll fish downstream; you up here, try to keep even with me. When I am coming out, I'll shoot my gun."

"Just like old days!" I cried cheerily.

He gave me a queer look. A sidelong quick queer look. "Just like old days," he said.

"But," he said, "we don't go so far now. I haven't been going so far, late years."

He pushed himself from the cart, flat-footed it to the canyon's rim, and gradually disappeared.

And I remained up there alone, sitting lax in the cart, abandoned to an enjoyment of the fresh high morning. After a little while, I thought, I'd give a little slap of the reins, and we would amble down canyon a little way.

Just then I heard down below, but very near, the sharp crack of Mr. Kammerer's pistol.

I was astonished, of course, and a bit alarmed. "Yes—yes—I am here," I cried. "Yes—yes—anything the matter?"

But there was no answer.

"Anything the matter?" I cried again.

A slight rustling, now, in the brush, a stone set to rolling, told me that he was coming out. Why, he had not fished at all! Why, he had not even been to the bottom! In a moment his rod appeared, then his head. He reached the flat, and came across to the cart with his thin, flat-footed walk. He laid his rod across the seat and leaned back against the wheel.

He was looking far away. Far, far away. He gave a little sigh.

"Too old!" he said.

Just those two little words, simply said. Too old. But I can't tell you what a strange pang at those two little words pinched my heart. I was at life's high tide. I was at the moment when every fibre of one sings. Sings that one is indestructible, that one is eternal. I knew, of course, that men and things age and die; but I knew it so vaguely, from so far! But now—I can't tell you what a pang twisted my young heart. Oh, I thought it atrociously sad that life should be like that; that one who so well and innocently had loved to fish should have come to an instant when he should murmur, "Too old!"

He disjointed his rod, he climbed into the cart, and we started for home. I was not saying anything; in my brain the two little words tolled. Then in a little while I had my second shock. My ears became aware of a low hum. My companion, there by my side, was singing; singing a gay little tune.

I could not believe it; I threw toward him, as I drove, quick glances, inquisitive and reproachful. But he was singing. And he swung his old pipe legs. Suddenly he slapped my back with his bony hand. "No more fishing, Johnnie!" he cried.

"No more fishing! I'll get up in the morning and watch the others go, then crawl back into my soft warm bed! And when they return from their fishing, I'll be sitting on the porch, in the sun, Johnnie, smoking my good old pipe.

"Smoking my good old pipe, Johnnie; smoking my good old pipe!"

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MIRACLES: A SCIENTIFIC VIEW

By JAMES H. RYAN

(Last week Dr. Ryan analyzed in the pages of The Commonweal Mr. Floyd L. Darrow's adverse treatment of the general subject of miracles. The three books by Dr. A. Marchand which Dr. Ryan considers below embody the opposite, and positive, point of view.—The Editors.)

THE arm-chair scientist has been, since Greek times, one of the greatest obstacles to the progress of thought. Given the history of modern science, it is rather strange to find him still occupying the seats of the mighty and delivering himself of a priori judgments concerning the miraculous, when close at hand are facts of whose existence there can be no question and of whose interpretation no self-respecting scientist can remain in doubt for long. I refer to the facts of Lourdes, contemporary, documented, controlled facts, the study of which is open to any scientist eager to know the truth and loyal above all else to the claims of truth.

Dr. A. Marchand, of whose professional competency there can be no doubt, recites in the three books* under review the story of the "facts" of Lourdes. If his narrative is not convincing (it can be unconvincing only to one whose scepticism approaches the pathological) Lourdes and the facts themselves are always there to study and to reinterpret. No informed scientist can well question the fact of the miraculous happenings occurring almost daily at the Shrine of the Blessed Virgin on the banks of the River Gave. If this be so, it is a waste of time and paper to argue about the possibility of miracles. We appeal to Lourdes as concrete scientific evidence of the fact of miracles occurring in the full twentieth century. No amount of a priori reasoning, psychological theorizing, or historical research can unmake these facts.

But are the miracles of Lourdes real facts? Perhaps they are no less legendary than the countless other miracles with which ancient and mediaeval history has made us acquainted. The books of Dr. Marchand were written expressly to prove that the miracles of Lourdes are facts. In the process of his argument, he outlines the methods adopted to ascertain these facts, the scientific criteria which guide the work and observations of the Bureau of Medical Research, of which he is the head, and the procedure which takes place before a cure is accepted by the physicians in charge. In volumes two and three he cites a series of cures which took place during the period 1919-1925, presenting the complete scientific evidence in each instance and the judgment of the doctors who examined the patients both before and after the alleged cures as to the facts involved.

The very existence of the Medical Bureau places the happenings of Lourdes, from a scientific point of view, in quite another category than the events which take place at other shrines. At Lourdes the miraculous is controlled post factum and, as far as the clinical history of the case is concerned, even ante factum. False cures, exaggerated claims on the part of patients or their friends, temporary ameliorations, are easily detected, because of the severely scientific control which is exercised. To argue against Lourdes from what has possibly taken place in some other place would be much as if a boy with a three-inch telescope were to contradict the astronomical conclusions of the scientists in charge of Mount Wilson Observatory.

Each case outlined in the two books of Professor Marchand is presented in the wholly impersonal fashion which we have come to associate with the most modern scientific method. Facts, and only facts, are stated. Where conclusions are drawn, they never go beyond the authenticated facts. All in all, these volumes are, from the standpoint of modern clinical history, models of restraint and exactness.

The visitor to Lourdes often goes away unaware of the very existence of a Bureau des Constatations Médicales. Yet since 1882 there has been established an Institute of Medical Research whose principal function is to study every alleged miraculous happening and to report its findings after such study. Any physician, no matter what his school or religious affiliation, is free and welcome to examine the patients who claim a cure, and to express his judgment thereon. It must be added, too, that his conclusions, favorable or unfavorable, are always recorded and preserved as a part of the patient's dossier. At the Medical Bureau there is never any talk of miracles. The very word is taboo. All that is asked is the judgment of each physician present on the facts involved. Did the patient really suffer from the disease in question? Did an absolute cure, or a mere temporary cure take place? Is any conclusion possible, given all the circumstances of the case? Could the cure have been effected by natural means? These are the questions which are asked and on the answers to them, cumulatively taken and considered, depend the findings of the Bureau.

In order to make a scientific judgment possible and worth while, documentary evidence relative to the case, X-ray pictures, the reports of biological and other

**Les Faits de Lourdes, by Dr. A. Marchand. Fifth edition. Paris: Téqui, 1925.*

Trente Guérisons enregistrées au Bureau médical 1919-1922, by Dr. A. Marchand. Fourth edition. Paris: Téqui, 1926.

Nouvelle série de Guérisons enregistrées au Bureau médical, 1923-1925, by Dr. A. Marchand. Second edition. Paris: Téqui, 1926.

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tests are demanded and subjected to critical inspection, while the patient himself must submit to a minute clinical examination day after day until no doubt can remain as to the reality and permanency of the alleged cure. If the least doubt persists after the customary examination, specialists are called in and asked to express their judgment. Only when the cure has been instantaneous, when it is complete and continues after the patient has returned to his home, and that over a long period, is a final judgment rendered. Any case which involves hysteria, an unknown psychological factor, or even the possibility of cure by suggestion is thrown summarily out of court.

The atmosphere of the Bureau is decidedly sceptical. It is only one out of hundreds of alleged cures presented which passes the scrutiny and detailed examination insisted upon. In the event that a single attending physician objects to the conclusion of his confrères or to any part of the examination or evidence presented, or demands additional facts, judgment is withheld until his scientific scruples have been satisfied. As Dr. Marchand so well points out, it would be difficult to find a clinic anywhere in the world in which more scientific freedom exists and which is, at the same time, more exacting and more rigorous than the Bureau des Constatations Médicales of Lourdes.

The marvelous happenings of Lourdes fall into different categories. The Medical Bureau is interested only in cases in which it is impossible to explain the cure on medical grounds; witness the declaration: "We formally reject every case which is doubtful or which may be suspected; we throw out, without even discussing them, cures which do not present a miraculous side." Only instantaneous and permanent cures of diseases in the presence of which medical science is impotent are examined and passed upon. Tuberculosis in its third stage, Pott's disease, grave lesions of the spinal column and of the optic nerves, malignant cancer, lupus, and other similar afflictions, which all acknowledge to be incurable, are cured at Lourdes, instantaneously and permanently. The record of the Medical Bureau since 1919, as published by Dr. Marchand, attests fifty-seven such cures. It is unthinkable that any of these fifty-seven cases should be placed in the category of cures by suggestion. We must look for the causal factors outside nature. They can be found only in the infinite power of Him from Whom nature takes its origin and before Whose inscrutable will everything must bow on the earth below, in the waters beneath, and in the heavens above.

Science has been hard pressed to find an exclusively rational explanation for the facts of Lourdes. Unfortunately, many dishonest attempts have been made in that direction, the novel of Zola of which Marie Lebranchu (La Grivotte) is the heroine, being the best known. Several scientists have written of Lourdes in the privacy of their laboratories, but have refused consistently to visit the sanctuary itself, examine the records of the Medical Bureau, and study the facts in situ. They have called Bernadette a "névrosée," an accusation contradicted by medical fact, and have referred to the miracles at Lourdes as effects of the extreme suggestibility of the place, effects which are duplicated daily at Salpetriére. Here again a decision must rest on a survey of the facts. If suggestion can instantaneously replace by healthy tissues other tissues which have degenerated beyond repair, then the miracles of Lourdes are false. Neither Charcot, Salpetriére, nor any other person or place has ever made such claims and been able to back up its claims by unimpeachable evidence. No one today questions the effectiveness and far-reaching possibilities of mental suggestion. Granting it every possible therapeutic power, it has yet to cause an authentic serious anatomical lesion to disappear instantaneously. Tissues may regenerate themselves, it is true, but regeneration always takes time. At Lourdes the cure is instantaneous and complete. Again, the Bureau never passes judgment on the cure of nervous or functional diseases, despite the fact that in several cases of which there are records the cures were manifestly preternatural. It confines its examinations strictly and exclusively to the field of organic diseases of an incurable type. This fact alone invests its records and conclusions with a scientific authority which no one can question who is not already committed to the assumption that the miraculous is inherently impossible.

The Bureau des Constatations Médicales is not run by priests, but by scientists. The facts it presents and its conclusions are subject to examination and review. What the final word of science is likely to be with regard to these facts of Lourdes, no one of course can predict. However, the case for Lourdes, from a scientific angle at least, appears to be strong, so strong that it is difficult to see at what spot it can possibly be broken down. Be that as it may, no one can say that the Church approaches the miracles of Lourdes in a manner which is open to criticism or that she makes in their behalf undue and unwise claims. Professor Marchand may not by these writings convince sceptics that miracles are taking place at Lourdes. But they cannot but respect him for the intellectual honesty and scientific accuracy which are displayed on every page of his recitals of the astounding "faits de Lourdes."

Economy

I had a little grief or two
Grown lonely for not telling,
I added on a joy or two
Until my heart was swelling.

I held them from my neighbors' ears
A month with little danger,
But when I went to Durham Town
I told all to a stranger.

ELEANOR C. KOENIG.

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A DAY FOR CHILDREN

By GRACE TURNER

THE question, "How can we interest all the fathers and mothers and teachers of the nation in the health of our American children?" was answered four years ago by the adoption of May Day as National Child Health Day. There was a vital distinction between this and many similar festivals. In the first place, it served no interest except that of the child; and in the second place, it functioned through every organization, great or small, which had the welfare of children at heart. Sponsored by the American Child Health Association, at the desire of its president, Mr. Herbert Hoover, Child Health Day was intended and was immediately used as a means of promoting in each community a wide understanding of modern health standards.

In the beginning, the May Day emphasis fell almost exclusively on physical well-being. Instigated by the draft records of the great war which declared one-third of our young men "unfit," the nation had set itself as never before to see that children, the future young men and women of the country, should be protected from the ravages of communicable diseases, and set free from remediable defects with their aftermath of frailties, and from the appallingly prevalent ills of malnutrition.

Last year Highland Park, Michigan, made its May Day celebration a vehicle for this purpose. "A Child Health pageant was given by 1,000 children and adults in the auditorium of the Glendale High School. Its object was to acquaint the community with the projects and interrelationships of agencies and organizations solving many of the problems which any community must consider if it is to be made safe for growing children."

Such a celebration is more obviously picturesque and dramatic, certainly more ambitious, but not more important or appealing, than the May Day work accomplished by the State Child Health Division at White Earth Indian Reservation, Minnesota. "Pine Bend, a little inland village on White Earth Indian Reservation," says Miss Alexander, the representative who was responsible for the program, "is exceedingly difficult to reach during the winter and the early spring months. We tried several times to reach it in March . . . but each time we found the roads impassable. Finally we reached the village by a circuitous route and began a four days' health program with the assistance of a teacher and missionary for the Indians. The program included demonstrations in the hygiene of maternity and infancy, inspection of school children, a children's clinic, and a May Day celebration."

These two instances demonstrate the stability of the May Day ideal. It is not a day of bombast or sentimentality; it cannot be sincerely observed merely by a flow of fine speech, nor is it confined to spotlighted cities. May Day, Child Health Day, sums up in a concrete, graphic form which everyone can understand, the community's achievements in child health during the year that has passed and outlines and gains coöperation in a more intensive program for the year to come. Pageants, plays, motion pictures, parades, and games have their place in the program because they interest not only the children, but also the parents.

So alive has the whole country become to the problems of the physical well-being of childhood that the moment has arrived when we must call vividly to the attention of all concerned another and equally important aspect of health—the full and happy development of the child's spirit. The groups who can best appreciate and interpret the importance of spiritual well-being, or health, of children are the churches, Catholic, Jewish, and Protestant. Their response has been immediate and unanimous. Cardinal Hayes expresses what they all realize: "It gives me great pleasure to join with you in emphasizing the importance of the spiritual development of the children of America. From heaven God looks down with kindly, fatherly love upon them. To fail to turn the faces of our children toward their Heavenly Father, to join their hands in prayer to Him, and to warm their hearts with love for Him would be the height of scandal and the depth of tragedy. . . . In calling the attention of the nation to the necessity of spiritual, as well as physical fitness in children, your association is truly building for the future."

Archbishop Hanna, speaking as Chairman of the Executive Council of Bishops of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, points out, on the other hand, the responsibility of the church for the physical fitness of children. "I pledge you," he says, "our active coöperation in establishing National Child Health Day and I can think of nothing more beneficial to the whole nation than placing before the people once in the year the importance of caring for the physical as well as the spiritual well-being of our children."

This Catholic attitude of concern that there shall be a sound mind in a sound body has long since found expression in the parochial school system. Today these schools, established that children might be ensured of their spiritual heritage, are doing excellent health work. They are advancing rapidly in the new health education, which has become part of the whole educational program, both secular and religious. In some cases they are approaching the problem independently, in others they are working through local and already existing health agencies, and in still others they are organizing their health work under the direction of Miss Mary E. Spencer, the health education specialist of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. One Catholic Normal school in Marion County, Oregon, has made health education an integral part of its curriculum.

It is natural, therefore, that both parochial schools and academies have manifested great interest in a May Day, Child Health Day program. From Sisters in Colorado, Connecticut, Iowa, Kentucky, Massachusetts, Michigan, New York, Pennsylvania, and Washington, D. C., have come requests for suggestions and material which they use in making a Catholic contribution to the great national ideal of child health.

Meanwhile, the Catholic laity are no less interested than bishops and priests and nuns. In the end, the responsibility for the well-being of children always rests upon their parents. Catholic fathers and mothers are among the leaders in health work of the communities of the United States. That is the reason Bishop Schrembes of Cleveland feels that both the May Day, National Child Health Day program and the whole ideal of the spiritually, intellectually, and physically fit child should be fostered by the lay organizations. "It should be the work of the various societies of the Church," he has declared and has promised accordingly that he will present it to the two great national organizations of men and women.

With such support the Child Health Day chairmen, of whom there is one in every state of the Union, have found this year even more intense community response than ever before in making National Child Health Day a tremendous power for the conquest of child health in its most inclusive and lofty sense, health of body, mind, and spirit.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

The Second Man

THE wealthy widow, Mrs. Kendall Frayne (Lynne Fontanne) is in love with the precariously successful novelist, Clark Storey (Alfred Lunt) and the two might be quite happily wedded were it not for the fact that Monica Grey (Margalo Gillmore) is also in love with Storey and will pay little or no attention to Storey's best friend, Austin Lowe (Earle Larrimore). Lowe, be it added, is a rising but inarticulate young scientist, born with a silver spoon in his mouth. Monica Grey is poor. But she would rather continue in comparative poverty with Storey than marry Lowe, whom she regards much as one might the binomial theorem—with cautious respect.

Even so, these four lives might not cross each other seriously were Storey a single track and simple soul. Unfortunately, he has a "second man" hiding beneath his debonair exterior. These two men, one cynical, worldly, and rather decisive, the other romantic, childish, and tenderly poetic collide frequently as the play progresses. The second man loves Monica Grey, while the first reminds him that Monica should marry Austin, that in the end she will be far happier with that supremely worthy young man than with either the first or second Storey. The first Storey knows that he should marry Mrs. Frayne because she can give him money, comfort, companionship. His regard for her may even change to a love capable of reciprocating her own.

Thus it is that the four lives are interwoven, inextricably, it would seem at times. With only these four characters, Mr. S. N. Behrman's first produced play wanders through an evening at the Theatre Guild, sometimes hinting at tragedy, emerging more frequently into keen and biting comedy, and even approaching for a few moments the altitudes of farce. It is one of the best written plays I have seen this season, holding fast to very real emotions, crackling with brilliant dialogue, and searching into certain paradoxes of human nature which rarely receive adequate treatment in anything less than tragedy. Occasionally there is a cheap line for the gallery (or is it the orchestra these days that likes to hear a young girl get flippantly smart about throwing away her virtue?) but the prevailing note is sincere if unblushingly frank.

It is too bad one has to use that qualifying word "prevailing." Every now and then you settle down in the theatre conscious of a keen and invigorating artistry in the play, wondering if here, at last, is a man who can write fine comedy without resorting to tricks. As the dialogue rolls along, your elation increases. You have a sense of discovery. This man is a find! Then there is a subtle break in the rhythm. You almost hear the actors taking breath. They seem to become self-conscious before your eyes. You wonder what has happened. And then the secret is out! The very next line is a bit of insincere rubbish. The actors, with their instant intuition, know it. It is the kind of line that might be put in at the request of a manager who tells the playwright, "Say, boy, you need a laugh here. Why not give 'em something hot?" It is a trick line, whose cheapness glares at you all the more because of the very excellence of all that has gone before—a line which a real artist would never permit, because it comes from ulterior purpose and not from character. Then you settle back again to enjoy the rest of the play, but your first eagerness has gone. This near-artist has dulled the edge of his own weapon. Mr. Behrman has done just that in The Second Man.

But this cannot alter the fact that in Clark Storey, Mr. Behrman has created a remarkably fine stage character. The author's intention is evidently to make the cynic in Storey the second personality. But like so many intentions it miscarries in the execution. As we see Storey throughout most of the play, it is the cynic who predominates, who has become the outer shell of the man. It is his original and finer character that has been shoved back into second place, to break forth only at intervals and under the stress of genuine emotion. Mr. Lunt makes this man acutely interesting and alive, a self-tortured soul, never quite the artist, never quite the cold-blooded man of the world, lovable because of his inner suffering, admirable because of the finer instincts which always triumph in a crisis. Earle Larrimore is equally fine as Lowe. Miss Fontanne has all too little to do, but does that impeccably, with her unerring instinct for high comedy in fine repose. Miss Gillimore might be excellent as the would-be-sophisticated Monica, but mars her performance by lack of simplicity and the adoption of a set of mannered movements—movements that obtrude on attention without helping characterization. This is the only aspect in which Mr. Moeller's direction has failed to bring smoothness and grace to the performance.

Fog-Bound

NANCE O'NEIL returns to New York in a relentless play of Puritanism on Montauk Point, which is vaguely reminiscent of Eugene O'Neill in the same sense that morning cigar butts recall a comfortable evening of adventurous talk. This time it is Hugh Stanislaus Stange who throws the brickbats at religion in its less comforting forms—as if anyone still needed to be told that religion of the letter, unfired by the spirit, becomes in time a bitter perversion!

In a first scene, which is really a prologue, Hester Penny gives up Lem Ross, whom she loves, to marry Captain Ezra Tuttle, a seafaring "man of God." She makes this sacrifice to save, as she thinks, her mother's life. The audience knows from the first that Mrs. Penny is a hypocrite and hypochondriac, whose one method of getting her way in life is through feigning sickness. Thus no one is surprised to find her thoroughly alive eighteen years later. But most of the life has gone out of Hester, whose existence wedded to the reverend Captain has become, as everyone knew it would, unspeakably odious. Lem Ross returns, and Hester plans to run away with him, leaving her daughter behind. But at this moment, she is supplied with a convenient object-lesson in what happens to the daughters of scarlet women. A young girl of the village commits suicide because, after her mother's flight with another man, none of the highly moral Montaukers will have anything to do with her, including the man she was engaged to. Thereupon, and in spite of a beating by her reverend husband, Hester decides to remain at her post for her daughter's sake, and waves a lantern from the dunes to Lem Ross, waiting on his boat, as a signal that he must leave without her.

Now, of course, the author has tried to create a drama of self-sacrifice, but he has utterly failed to give it eloquence because of the poverty of his motive. Hester does not hesitate

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because of any example she might be giving her daughter, or because of any maternal duty she owes her, but solely through fear of what a tyrannical public opinion might do to the daughter. To do something to retain human respect is the least enthralling of all motives; and the elevation is only fractionally greater when the human respect is applied to a second generation. In either case it is an outer motive, not an inner one, that prompts the sacrifice. Stripped of atmospheric circumstance, this is simply a tale of a woman who decides to remain outwardly respectable to promote a successful marriage for her daughter. And that, after all, is hardly the stuff from which tragedies are woven or heroic virtues created!

The point is worth making, because someone is sure to say, when Fog-Bound passes to the theatrical storehouse, that here was another sincere play of self-sacrifice that failed. Managers will smile and say, "There you are—the public doesn't like this self-sacrifice stuff!" And press-agents will echo the managers, and no one will remember that Fog-Bound failed because its motivation was sordid and external rather than lofty and interior. We live in a world governed by phrases and formulae, and very few take the trouble to see when the phrases are hollow or when they achieve force solely through the ring of some great spiritual truth.

Miss O'Neil makes probably the most of a distressingly thin part and acts with a pleasing restraint, even in the melodramatic moments. But one cannot expect her to make the play better than its pallid intention.

Big Lake

THIS very short play by Lynn Riggs is given by the American Laboratory Theatre (whose production of Granite was so excellent that it moved to Broadway). But Mr. Boleslawsky is now in London, and the Laboratory players show the absence of his restraining hand in a frequent awkwardness which mars many well-meant efforts. Aside from some genuinely effective stage contrivances, using shadowgraph effects to give the illusion of a forest on the edge of a lake, the production is little better than a first-class amateur performance. Another exception might be made of the scene in which a group of Oklahoma school-children romps about in a hilarious picnic mood.

The play itself has a definite though very limited quality. It evidences a very keen feeling for the primitive poetry of nature, and for the sensitiveness of youth on the threshold of life's deeper mysteries. But mixed with this is a very conscious symbolism, of a kind to set the psychoanalysts thinking hard about the author's own psychology, but hardly of the kind to promote dramatic interest. The boy loves the woods and growing things; the girl is afraid of them and loves the open surface of the big lake, until she realizes that the lake, too, is surrounded by woods and so a part of them. And for long stages this conflict of feeling rages between the two inarticulate young things. As poetic fancy, this has its place, but it does not gibe well with the melodrama introduced into the second act, presumably to give "action." The play jumps back and forth from fantasy to realism and from realism to preachment until it loses all sense of unity and becomes a series of scenes completely isolated from one another in mood, treatment and idea. The effect is further confused by some very amateurish and trite lines. The excellent promise of Frank Burk as the boy, and the occasional real beauty of thought in the writing of the more fanciful scenes, are the best points in a not very happy evening. Under careful direction, Mr. Burk should have the qualities of a very fine juvenile.

COMMUNICATIONS

THE SMITH-MARSHALL CONTROVERSY

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Prevalent discussion dealing with the supposed obligations and impediments of constitutional officers of our government, in the event of a conflict between Church and state, seems on the one hand, to indicate that Protestants frequently fear that a Catholic incumbent would favor the Church; while, on the other hand, it indicates that Catholics are often of the opinion that such a conflict could never arise.

But admitting that the conclusions of the latter are logically sound, there still remains the broad area of apparent conflict, and reference to the attitude of the Church in this field may clear the atmosphere and dispel the fears of intelligent doubters.*

Accordingly, it may be restated that in the event of conflict, Roman Catholic constitutional officers of government, in a country of diversified religious population such as in the United States of America, are invariably required by the Church ("under pain of sin") to fulfill every constitutional obligation, precisely for the same nationalistic reasons and in the same manner and to the same extent that a non-Catholic would have to fulfill a similar obligation under similar circumstances.

The contention that no conflict between the principles of Church and government could possibly arise, seems to be at least arguable. For example: The opposition of the Catholic Church to divorce (a vinculo matrimonii) is well known. It is also well known that many Catholic jurists are frequently required, in the performance of their constitutional obligations, to grant divorces, regardless of the tenets of their Church.

Yet, intelligent Catholics and Protestants alike seem to have overlooked the fact that in this constantly recurring apparent conflict, the Church has never sought to prohibit a Roman Catholic judge from granting a divorce for cause, even when the parties suing were themselves nominal Catholics. Nor does the Church require a Catholic judge who grants a divorce to seek absolution on the ground that in so doing he has sinned.

This emphasizes, I think, the broad policy of the Church in upholding the civil rights of the governed and in supporting the principle of separation of Church and state, as provided for in our various and variable constitutions.

Indeed, in so far as I know, and I am fairly familiar with the courts, no Roman Catholic judge has ever sought to evade a divorce calendar on the theory of conscientious objection although such an attitude would doubtless be respected as a discretionary disqualification here, as it often is in other civil actions.

JOHN M. GIBBONS.

*At the instant of placing this in the mails, the reply of Governor Alfred E. Smith to the open letter of Charles C. Marshall, Esquire, is released. Therefore, it is conceded that no further clearing of the atmosphere by anyone is necessary and that henceforth there will be no "intelligent doubters."

The communication goes forward, nevertheless, in the belief that the novelty of the point made about the attitude of the Catholic Church—in upholding our constitutional provisions for divorce—may be of academic interest to your readers.

J. M. G.

St. Louis, Mo.

TO the Editor:—I have read with much interest the article in The Commonweal of April 13, entitled Should A Catholic Be President?—An Open Letter to Mr. Charles Marshall. I have also read the shallow article by Mr. Marshall

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which provoked that open letter. I call that article by Mr. Marshall "shallow" because it really is so to any lawyer familiar with the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, to which Mr. Marshall's article refers, or to any educated person who knows what civil allegiance is as distinguished from allegiance to God.

I had thought—I still believe—that no really educated and informed person would dare assail or question the civil allegiance of Catholics, since Cardinal Newman, in 1874, in a letter to the then Duke of Norfolk (which letter, in the form of a book, received then, as it has since, wide publicity among educated persons all over the world) exposed and made ridiculous the same charge that Mr. Marshall now makes against the civil allegiance of Catholics, that charge being then made by the late Right Honorable W. E. Gladstone.

In the same year (1874) the late and great Cardinal Manning, in his book or pamphlet entitled The Vatican Decrees in Their Bearing on Civil Allegiance, so effectively met and answered that pamphlet of Gladstone's, that, thereafter, on that subject, Gladstone was completely silenced. After a lapse of more than fifty years, it would seem that Mr. Marshall, by an article incomparably inferior to that of the late Mr. Gladstone, is attempting to revive a silly, dead issue—silly and dead at least so far as really informed persons are concerned.

PAUL BAKEWELL.

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—Among the pet bêtes noires which Mr. Charles C. Marshall has brought forward in his open letter to Governor Smith is the case of John Felton, beatified in 1886 by Pope Leo XIII along with a number of others long venerated among English Catholics. Of course, these venerable names were not drawn from obscurity by Pope Leo; they were brought to him, and by his official act the continuation of the veneration paid to them was declared to be permissible. Pollen, in his English Catholics in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth, states: "No doubt some of those Catholics, and they have been many, who admired Gallican ideals would have refused to admit Felton's claim to martyrdom; and although his name and Percy's occur in Leo XIII's decree of 1886, it must be remembered that this decree is so far only permissive." John Felton has not been canonized; his beatification is a fact, but not infallibly pronounced upon by the Holy See; though what reason exists why anyone should deny that John Felton is in heaven is hard to see. To one who does not believe in purgatory, he must be either in heaven or in hell; I know of no reason for consigning him to this latter place, and if he had a period in purgatory, I believe it is long since passed.

Was the law making it treason to publish the papal bull of excommunication on the statute books of England at the time when Felton (May 25, 1570) posted the bull on the door of the Bishop's Palace? It was not until Parliament assembled in the thirteenth year of her reign that the special proclamation issued August 8, 1570, by Elizabeth against the bull became the Act of Parliament brought in on April 2, 1571. Felton was condemned as Pollen says, "as a matter of course"; but his act was not an explicit violation of an Act of Parliament. The special proclamation of Elizabeth (July 1, 1570) was issued after Felton's act had been committed and after he had been arrested; I have not the full report of his indictment and trial at hand to determine whether or not he was a victim of an "ex post facto" decree. It may be noted in passing that the Parliament which passed the Act of 1571 was also the first to resist Tudor dictation, and with it, says Pollen, began the Puritan victories over the crown which were to overthrow the monarchy.

John Felton protested to the end that he meant no harm and that he had done none to the queen; he believed that the bull was for the salvation of both herself and the kingdom. Pius V has been canonized, and was revered even among Protestants; yet it is the ordinary belief of Catholic historians that his bull, Regnans in Excelsis, was a blunder: why should we refuse our veneration to the sturdy English courage of John Felton, gentleman, who paid with his life for his courageous deed, and willed his ring to the queen? Some of the noblest "traitors" of that age were Protestants, and sometimes even ministers: for more than once they sheltered hunted priests under the laws which followed. John Felton was a hero for his convictions, in the goodly fashion of merrie England; if there be any reason to exclude him from the company of the blessed, there is still time to make it known.

AUGUSTINE WALSH.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In your open letter to me you refer to my citation, in the Atlantic Monthly for April, page 543, of the case of Watson vs. Jones 13 Wall. page 679 (not 579). In that case, the Supreme Court of the United States cites with approval the case of Chase vs. Cheney, 58 Ill. page 509, in which at page 537 the Court uses the words, "practices inconsistent with the peace and safety of the state shall not be justified."

Both cases are referred to in connection with each other and are quoted from at length by Mr. Guthrie in his opinion to the Roman Catholic hierarchy of America on the Mexican situation. The words quoted above are quoted by him with approval. The doctrine they express is of course fundamental in all constitutional government.

CHARLES C. MARSHALL.

"TWO RELIGIONS" OF ANGLICANISM

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor:—The communication of Mr. Kelly concerning "Two Religions" of Anglicanism is certainly a most astonishing point of view. I have seldom read a more intolerant admission. He states that he is not in the least concerned with any religious views which Mr. Whitehead may hold but he is very much concerned with the fact (so he implies) that any opinion uncomplimentary or contrary to the Catholic viewpoint, however sincerely held, should be published in a Catholic periodical; and most extraordinary of all, he says these views are "necessarily offensive to all intelligent Catholics." That last is certainly a bit arrogant. As one intelligent Catholic I protest. Nowhere in the Scriptures do we read of the great Teacher Himself becoming insulted by the honest expression of opinion held by those who differed with Him. He patiently instructed them and waited until they could understand. Surely we are not afraid to "give a reason for the faith that is in us," and how can we combat error if we do not pause, as the Samaritan did, to bind up wounds of a spiritual instead of a corporal nature, instead of passing by as the priest and Levite of old? "What is the policy of The Commonweal?" It is the policy of the missionary—an open mind, a brave heart, a broad understanding, a yearning love to bring into the fold those "other sheep."

MARY FOOTE COUGHLIN.

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POEMS

In Brightlingsea

Springs were as green then,
Meadows as bright with gold,
In years when she was young
Who now is old.
Lovely was she, and gay;
Light as the wind from the south,
Lads spent their hearts for one kiss
Of her sweet mouth.
In these same lanes and fields
When twilight fell,
She walked with her lover;
Primrose and holly-hedge no secrets tell.

But lads are rash and brave
And earth is wide,
And age comes certainly
As moon or tide.
Now on the cobbles of
The village street,
Daily is heard the tread
Of her slow feet;
In her stiff hat and cape,
Gaunt as a winter tree—
There was a light-limbed girl.
Lovely was she.

MAIRE NIC PILIP.

Prodigal

He bought his mother a velvet gown
With rich wide skirts and a regal train;
The soft neck-ruching was white like down
For the throat of swan—but the purple stain
Of blossoms plucked from a Judas tree
Purpled all of the finery.

He bought his mother a velvet gown
That reached the little old lady's toes—
Then every one of us called it brown
And smoothed its sleekness with ahs and ohs
And said we never before had seen
A mother looking so like a queen.

GERTRUDE CALLAGHAN.

The Path

I have dropped a hollow dream
Somewhere back of me;
Scattered all its splinters gleam,
Brightly, cruelly.

Let me sweep the shining stones,
Make the pathway neat,
Lest these little trusting ones
Cut their questing feet.

FRANCIS MASON.

Gypsy Wife

And if I love starlight over my head
Instead of a ceiling above my bed,
And if I love dew-time for walking about,
Or a night when a black wind whistles me out;
If I love the talk of trees more than yours
And the laughter of rivers always lures—
Oh, think that some day four straight walls
Will hem me in where no earth-calls
Can ever reach me.
Think that then
I shall be still enough. But again
When perhaps an April shall come to bloom,
I shall dream back to my own old room
With its intimate hearth and its safe-shut door,
And I shall wish I had stayed there more!

RUTH AUGHILTREE.

The Star That Was

If there be watchers on the other stars
In that far day there will be poetry
When they behold the star that was a sea,
In that most beautiful of avatars,
Treading the sky . . . her gown of ocean green
Blown wide, her foam-white throat and slim arms bare,
Cool gold of caverns in her golden hair,
And gold the crescent sign of her demesne.
There will be chanting of the many years
She labored, taking grain by grain each shore,
Until she took earth wholly . . . earth's last tears
Now lustering her every jewel's core.
In the blue radiance of her eyes may shine
The poems you called yours, those I called mine.

POWER DALTON.

Dreamer

He was a dreamer day by day,
His eyes were filled with far-off things;
To blow a bubble in Cathay
Were better than the gold of kings.

And men who passed him in the race
Would mock him in his ambling way;
He seemed to go with such poor grace
To where the golden treasures lay.

But when at last he came to die,
With such dear dreams his eyes were dim;
We felt that God had hushed His sky
To look with pity down on him.

THOMAS HEALY.

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BOOKS

The Bible in Ireland: Ireland's Welcome to the Stranger, by Asenath Nicholson. New York: The John Day Company. $3.00.

AS AN adequate title for the wanderings of Mrs. Asenath Nicholson of Vermont, New England, just before the great famine of 1848, The Bible in Ireland leaves something to be desired. Borrovians are a clan with whom it is useless to argue. But outside of their ranks many temperate admirers exist who, while quite ready to concede genius, of a rather disorderly sort, to the author of The Bible in Spain, are not to be deterred from finding a plenteous deposit of charlatanry in the totem, and to whom his bigotry, whether real or assumed for the benefit of his paymasters, the Bible Society of London, is a very unpalatable dish.

Of Mrs. Nicholson the same cannot be said. If her literary style is a pale gleam of her native transcendentalism, and can sink at times to rather low levels of bathos, the qualities of heart and head which transpierce her narrative are all her own. Immense thanks are due to Mr. Alfred Tresidder Sheppard for rescuing the indomitable and hawk-eyed little widow, brave and untamed as her own granite mountains, from oblivion, and for giving us, through eyes that no superstitious reverence for her own race or religion ever veiled, a first-hand picture of Ireland's plight on the eve of the great dispersion.

In a sprightly preface, Mr. Sheppard restores some of the background from which this early Victorian "Tish" emerged, with her coal-scuttle bonnet, bearskin muff, shawl, locket, galoshes and carpet bags, bent, as few of our suave special correspondents are bent today, on finding things out for herself and apportioning praise or blame where she deemed it due.

Her father was a minister "not very orthodox," her mother a woman of strong character and terse counsels. Caught at the strange deistic interlude when Puritan bigotry had abated and Wesleyan unctuousness had not yet overflowed our Union, two phrases of Mrs. Nicholson's own choosing sum up the old folk pretty thoroughly. The father "rebuked sin in high places with fearlessness, and forgave all personal injuries before forgiveness was asked." The mother bade her daughter remember that "a character that needs lawyers, doctors, ministers, and elders to look after it is not worth a groat." Even Mr. Sheppard's industry has not succeeded in throwing any light upon the husband, a New York "merchant," but he seems to have been an early example of the pestilent brood of food-cranks, and there is abundant evidence that his faithful relict shared all his prejudices in respect of alcohol, meat, tea, coffee, tobacco, and bolted flour. The elder Hatch had always had a soft spot in his heart for the outcast sons of Erin. "Remember, my children," he had told little Asenath, her brothers and sisters, "the Irish are a suffering people; when they come to your doors never drive them empty away." "To sit down in their cabins, and there learn what soil has nurtured, what hardships have disciplined a race so patient and so impetuous, so revengeful and so forgiving, so proud and so humble, so obstinate and so docile, so witty and so simple," had been a dream with the Vermont woman from girlhood. A book that may be frankly recognized now as a classic of wayfaring and an inestimable historical document, was to be the fruit of her enthusiasm.

For long months, in all weathers, a satchel of Irish and English Bibles (the latter, it is worth noting, in the Douay version) slung over her shoulder, and with less sporting equipment than a modern woman would select for a five-mile hike, this dauntless creature trudged over bogs and mountains, often with only a few pence in her pocket. Her bed, time and again, was the oat-bin or manger of her hosts, her meals a share of their handful of potatoes and "sup of milk," over whose staying powers the ardent vegetarian never forgets to enthuse. She is a very half-hearted colporteur, but a tireless observer. Like a true daughter of the Pilgrims, she brackets together "Popery, Prelacy, Presbyterianism, and Independency." She can primly surmise, watching the peasants gathered round a holy well, that "how many have tasted of the well of salvation God alone can decide." But the sight of an unwelcome religion made an instrument of administration leaves her scant room for evangelical fervor. More than once she notices the exiguous congregations for whom churches, chapels and livings are maintained by the Castle government and by Bible societies at Dublin: "I turned aside into a little chapel and heard a Baptist minister preach a sermon to five auditors on the righteous dealings of God." "He had a rich living," she reports of an Anglican parson at Urlinford Spa, "and read his prayers weekly to a flock of perhaps one in one hundred of the population of his parish." Even the reputation of the Society of Friends does not bridle her shrewd and biting tongue. "The Quakers are a worthy people," she remarks at Kilkenny. "But when I heard of the poor laborers reaping down their fields for a shilling a day, I cannot but say, 'One thing thou lackest'." She notes that soldiers come to the Anglican services carrying rifles and wearing side-arms, a symbol of tenancy by force, still honored, I believe, or honored till lately, in British India.

The vassalage that lay like a blight over Irish education never fails to rouse the ire of this staunch democrat, and she contrasts Catholic and Protestant practice in a manner very unflattering to the latter. At Lady Wicklow's school, where "cleanly well-mannered children" resort (the cleanliness of the Irish at home is a constant surprise to one who has only known them in the slums of New York) she is informed by their mistress that "they belong to the lower order, and reading, writing, and arithmetic and a little knowledge of the maps is all the education they will ever need." At a Ventry convent, where nuns are teaching 300 children of the same class, the Sister pleads that "though they are the children of the poor, we do not know what station God may call them to fill. We advance them as far as possible while they are with us." "In no civilized nation, probably [so Mrs. Nicholson concludes after verifying the rumor that shepherd boys could be found familiar with the classics] is there more waste of mind than in Ireland. The wild children there among the mountains, who spend their time in herding cattle, often show the quickest perception of all that is lovely in nature, and will answer your questions with a clearness that would do honor to a refined people."

Mrs. Nicholson was not only a stoic, but an ascetic, by inclination as well as by necessity. For this reason the malnutrition that was the scourge of Ireland eighty years ago, and which was to culminate in wholesale starvation and typhus four years later, does not get, at her hands, the comments it would have received from one less fanatically committed to the vegetarian solution. Meat is never mentioned—bread, the staff of life in the neighbor island, hardly at all. Even at a Baptist manse potatoes are the standing dish. An egg is a luxury. In the dark little cabins where the heads of the household spend the night squatted over the dying turf fire to give her their only bed, the ubiquitous tuber, a turnip, a cup of milk, are the

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best these hospitable folk can offer. But there is always music and good talk, while the earth and the heavens above are as a banquet outspread. At Loughrea, a rhapsody that is too naïve to deserve the title banal takes possession of this fasting visionary from far New England: "The pure breath of heaven, the sunshine, the sweet singing of the lark, and the kindly speech of the poor peasants, made me feel that I should never be happier this side of the gates of the heavenly city."

The temptation to quote and quote again from Mrs. Asenath Nicholson is hard to overcome. But one passage should not be omitted, if only for the light it throws upon a phase where documentary evidence is almost non-existent—the sober, sanctified life led by the obscure and anonymous Catholic middle-class, many of them men and women of ancient blood, during Ireland's long night of trouble. At the funeral of the ninety-year-old mother of a prosperous storekeeper, who had been the earthly providence of the poor all her life, Mrs. Nicholson is an invited guest:

"For many miles round, the right and the poor assembled. . . . She was laid in an upper chamber, upon a bed covered with white. She was in a dark brown frock, with white ruffles at the wrist; a square cloth fringed with white was on her breast, with the initials of the order of the 'Blessed Virgin' to which she belonged. Curtains of white, tied with black ribbons, were about her bed; and the usual candles and consecrated clay were at the foot, with a picture of the Virgin and Child hanging over her head."

With the entry of Ireland into the ranks of the free nations, as with Poland, it is quite likely that quickened interest in her domestic life during the era immediately following the penal-laws may arise. Men of Irish blood, the world over, may once more find the heart to read what grief and resentment had hitherto rendered almost too poignant a record. To them Mrs. Asenath Nicholson's simple story can be heartily recommended. Even Americans who have little interest in or sympathy with the story of an ancient wrong can get nothing but good from learning what the reactions of a simple and upright American woman to economic justice could be before the faculty of indignation had been taught to restrain its outward manifestations at the behest of policy and "good business."

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

The Case of Sacco and Vanzetti, by Felix Frankfurter. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $1.00.

IN THIS absorbing, if depressing, account of what must appear to any candid reader as a flagrant miscarriage of justice, Professor Frankfurter wisely disclaims any intention of employing an occasional fallibility of American criminal procedue to attack its foundations or argue "lack of loyalty in its purposes." Yet from a careful examination of the means by which these unfortunate men were convicted, it is not impossible to draw certain generalizations as to needed reform.

One is struck repeatedly by the misbehavior of the police and the prosecuting attorney. The three points made by the prosecution were the identification of Sacco and Vanzetti by witnesses of the South Braintree murder, the "consciousness of guilt" manifested by them on their arrest, and the fact that one bullet used might have been fired from a pistol belonging to one of them. The "identification" was effected by the police simply by confronting the supposed witnesses with the defendants without the indispensable safeguard of a "parade" of other persons of similar appearance and alleged proclivities. "Consciousness of guilt" was "proved" because the defendants lied to the police when examined by them, although the police let the defendants suppose they were under arrest for "radicalism," not for murder. The bullet expert, at the instigation of the district attorney, cooked up testimony which could leave a jury under the impression that the bullet had been fired from a particular revolver, when his actual opinion was that it might have been fired from any revolver of that make. The "police examination," the activities of prosecutors are essential to the detection of criminals, but surely these things should be the object of stringent regulation by statute if grave abuse is to be avoided.

Professor Frankfurter's study of the mind of the judge who presided at the trial throws into sharp relief the defect in Massachusetts legislation which allows the Supreme Court no power of review over the verdict or the evidence upon which it is based. British legislation and that of the State of New York has long since extended the powers of review so that there is no danger that the tyrannical or bigoted rulings and charges of trial judges can result in the punishment of innocent men.

Of the refusal of the present attorney-general of the United States to permit an examination of the files of the Department of Justice in order to determine how far that department co-operated with the local authorities in an effort to eliminate two radicals by convicting them of murder, there can be but one opinion. "A government," cries Mr. Thompson, attorney for the defense, "which has come to value its own secrets more than it does the lives of its citizens has become a tyranny."

SUMMERFIELD BALDWIN.

Chaucer and the Mediaeval Sciences, by Walter Clyde Curry. New York: Oxford University Press. $2.50.

PERHAPS one would not be quite ready to accept the publisher's statement regarding this study that "no more original or illuminating book on Chaucer . . . has appeared in the last decade." But it is quite certain that the student of Chaucer will find much to interest him in Professor Curry's volume. It is mainly occupied with speculations regarding Chaucer's belief in astrology, that is, in the influence of the stars on the human constitution. The Doctor of Physic in Chaucer has "dronkyn of that swete drynke of astronomye," and depends on knowledge derived from that to a great extent for his ability to diagnose and also to treat human diseases. A good many people in our time would be very much inclined to laugh at this; but then, the therapeutics and to a considerable extent the diagnosis of any generation in medicine has always been absurd to the second succeeding generation—and sometimes sooner.

Astrology continued to influence men much later than Chaucer's time. At least one daily newspaper in New York has an astrological column and, manifestly, very interested readers. In the volume of the Calvert series, The Catholic Church and Its Relations with Science, Sir Bertram Windle recalls that the late Dr. Garnett, keeper of the British books in the British Museum, a man of considerable reputation in his own day, indeed widely known in literary circles in the English-speaking world, accepted quite definitely what are ordinarily considered to be long outworn ideas with regard to astrology. It is evident, to quote Dr. Windle, "that the whole idea could not then have been so hopelessly foolish as it is apt to seem to us offhand now." Chaucer and his contemporaries were not nearly so ridiculous as many people in our day are in the acceptance of curious medical notions and absurd cures for their ills. We have just

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as much credulity at the present time, and it affects the educated more than the ignorant.

Professor Curry's chapters on Mediaeval Dream Lore, and Chauntecleer and Pertelote on Dreams are probably the most interesting in the book. He begins his treatment of the dream lore of Chaucer's time by confessing that it is comforting to remember that Chaucer knew less about modern psychoanalytical theory regarding dreams than even he does himself. He feels that beyond doubt the great English poet's treatment of the subject was first and last that of a literary man. The modern reader is quite certain to discover much that is fantastic in the mediaeval interpretation of dreams, even as a poet writes it; but surely no one will find Chaucer's dream lore more fantastic than that of Freud. Dream symbols were already in use in Chaucer's time, as they were, indeed, in the old temple hospitals in Egypt; but Chaucer's are much more satisfying to the reasonable man than are the supremely arbitrary symbolic meanings which Freud insists on attributing to dreams.

Professor Curry imputes Chaucer's failure to show any interest in surgery to the presumed fact that there was no surgery in his time. This is a very common idea, though an entirely mistaken one. Surgery developed very wonderfully during the thirteenth century. As evidence for this we have not merely traditions, but the actual text-books of the mediaeval surgeons, which have been republished in recent years. A very distinguished surgeon in England in Chaucer's time, John Ardern, practised for some twenty years in Nottinghamshire, and then for nearly thirty years longer in London. He was an expert operator and seems to have had excellent success. Chaucer was not interested in surgery because it did not lend itself well to poetic purposes; just as his emphasis upon the place of astrology in medicine is due not so much to the fact that the people of his time were interested in astrology and nothing else, as to the circumstance that in astrology he found material for poetry ready to hand. He undoubtedly stressed the importance of astrology more than was done by the scholars of his time, and above all by the teachers of medicine and surgery; for while their text-books show belief in astrology, they contain also much wisdom in the recognition and treatment of disease.

JAMES J. WALSH

The Rebellious Puritan, by Lloyd Morris. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.00.

MR. MORRIS'S title for his life of Hawthorne sounds a bit dissertative. One is quite prepared for discursive pages in the manner of Professor Erskine, about the hidden criticism of transcendentalism in various stories, about reaction from New England rigor, about a vision of beauty flaming over an ancient denial of all loveliness. There are some such pages. There is also a feeble attempt to inject a little popular psychoanalysis into the narrative. But on the whole, Mr. Morris seems to have realized amiably that he would do better as a tale-teller than as a Freudian or a philosopher. The old ground is covered at a leisurely pace, and almost for the first time it is made to look like a human landscape rather than a series of disconnected zig-zags shrouded in more or less ghostly darkness. Those who recall having been exasperated by Julian Hawthorne's biography of his father—an invaluable repository of information but inchoate and more than relatively snobbish—will also be grateful for Mr. Morris's objectivity. Very probably he has not "sounded" his elusive subject, but he has provided an attractive account upon which the reader may base his own conclusions.

In so far as the book can be considered an elucidation of Hawthorne, it must be for sentences such as these: "He suffered because of the divided allegiance which compelled him, submitting to whichever mood prevailed, to exercise one world by abandoning himself to the other"; "To Brook Farm was due his perception of the ultimate relativity which pervades all life"; "He supposed that there were no final solutions to these problems (as propounded by Emerson). To perceive them clearly; to observe life closely; to project the problems into life and deduce conclusions from what observation revealed: this was all one could do"; "In his excursions about England, he was in fact a 'good sightseer' and but little else." All this is not a very clear or impressive summary of Hawthorne's spiritual and mental evolution, but it does suggest the title of Mr. Morris's book.

Apart from all such matters, which criticism will necessarily regard sceptically, the life of Nathaniel Hawthorne is an interesting record. No other American writer was so fully developed by the literary ascesis, and no other seems to have regulated his deeds and his writing so resolutely according to rugged, classic common sense. Finally his love-story, charming in its constancy, ought to be perennially appealing. Mr. Morris has utilized these materials with more than usual discretion and sympathy. Though his book does not seem to rise above the level of biographical writing, it is certainly never shoddy and rarely unwise.

PAUL CROWLEY.

Autobiographies, by W. B. Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

THE final volume of Yeats's Complete Works in prose and verse is presented in a book of autobiographies representing previously published chapters as well as new material, although the line between one and the other is not very well defined. The essays and studies of Mr. Yeats have prepared us for this collection of memories, dreams, and idealisms of the young Anglo-Irishman, whose poetry has won him such a significant place in Celtic revival. The importance of the volume, aside from its confirmation of the general high estimate of his gifts, resides in the sidelights he throws upon the personalities in English, Irish, and French literature and politics.

Mr. Yeats was excellently situated to enjoy the best that was to be had in the arts during the period of his youth; his use of the material thus presented was quite in accord with the movements in art reform that were stirring the young men of his generation. They cling together, it seems, in coöperative pages like the geniuses of some college group, New England schools, Victorian celebrities, Greenwich Village communists; and the greatness of their works, the irradiations of their personalities, fade slowly under the dust of a high-speeding time.

There are some interesting pages given by Mr. Yeats to that rare old scholar, Edward Dowden, with his fine ironies and his genius for intellectual direction. There is "Katherine Tynan, who still lived on her father's farm, and Dr. Hyde, still a college student, who took snuff like those Mayo County people, whose stories and songs he was writing down." There is much about that remarkable beauty, Maud Gonne, the Irish insurrectionist, whose power as an orator joined to her almost hieratic appearance, was so effective upon the popular gatherings of the 'nineties. And there is Oscar Wilde, whose editorial attachments to a publishing firm were summed up in his speech: "I used to go three times a week for an hour a day, but I have since struck off one of the days." Wilde also gives an account of himself as a correspondent: "I never answered

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their letters. I have known men come to London full of bright prospects and seen them complete wrecks in a few months through a habit of answering letters." On the poets, Wilde was equally startling: "We Irish are too poetical to be poets: we are a nation of brilliant failures, but we are the greatest talkers since the Greeks."

There was the Rhymers Club that held its meetings at the Cheshire Cheese (which Wilde refused to visit) where such poets as Lionel Johnson, Ernest Dowson, Victor Plarr, John Davidson, Richard Le Gallienne, Arthur Symons, and on one occasion Francis Thompson, would foregather to talk criticism, drink liquor, and discuss the early Victorians. There is a graphic description of the usual literary gathering on the page where Yeats, after indicating the general provincialism of the little group, goes on to write: "Symons, fresh from Paris, would sometimes say—'We are concerned with nothing but impressions'; but that itself was a generalization and met but stony silence. Conversation constantly dwindled into 'Do you like so and so's last book?' 'No, I prefer the book before it,' and I think but for its Irish members, who said whatever came into their heads, the club would not have survived its first difficult months. . . . I indeed wore a brown velveteen coat, a loose tie and an old inverness cape discarded by my father twenty years before; Le Gallienne wore a loose tie; Symons had an inverness cape that was quite new and almost fashionable. 'One should be quite unnoticeable,' Lionel Johnson explained to me. I remember saying one night at the Cheshire Cheese, when more poets than usual had come, 'None of us can say who will succeed, or even who has or has not talent. The only thing certain about us is that we are too many.' "

This pretty summary of the ineptness of literary and artistic society, of aesthetic theorizing and poetical babbling, may be extended to Mr. Yeats's entire book of Autobiographies. It contains uncertainties, wistfulness, suggestions, guesses, all the general penumbra of what possibly may be conceded to be Mr. Yeats's poetical state of mind. But it is far from the light in which reason and intellect make a pretense of figuring.

THOMAS WALSH.

The Trail of the White Knight, by Bruce Graeme. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.00.

THE ending of the world war marked the beginning of chaos for Hungary. There was the Radical revolution of October, 1918, with which Károlyi's name is associated; the Communist revolution of August, 1919, led by Béla Kun; the White counter-revolution of August, 1919, which brought Horthy into prominence and surpassed its predecessors in general brutality. The Trail of the White Knight is laid in the turbulent days of the second revolution and is hardly remarkable for historical accuracy. Mr. Graeme paints Béla Kun and his associates as the lowest of mankind, who pay no attention to the government and spend their time in feasting, rapine, and slaughter. Opponents of the Red régime have set the total of its victims at 400 (Mr. Graeme would have us believe there were thousands); and, as much as they oppose Communism, have admitted that many of its Hungarian leaders labored conscientiously to make an impracticable government work.

For his plot, the author multiplies the dangers and then sets an Englishman at work to nullify them. This superman, motivated by the murder of his titled fiancée, rescues noblemen from well-guarded prisons, scales castle walls to save the lives of aristocratic savants and the honor of beautiful girls, notifies

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villages of the death train's approach, and performs all the other impossibilities of melodrama, winning, in the end, a second titled love. The Trail of the White Knight, in fact, should lead straight to Hollywood, and we may expect from it, finally, a movie at least as exciting as The Perils of Pauline.

LURTON BLASSINGAME.

Parvulus, and Other Poems, by Sydney E. Jerrold. London Ernest Benn, Ltd.

THE author of this little book of poems dealing, for the most part, with religious themes, possesses a genuine lyrical gift—one too often lacking in writers of so-called "pious" verse. It is not so much the theme of the work that is religious as the heart of the writer. Whatever she sees or feels is transmuted, in the seeing and feeling, into prayer. She knows, too, that exquisite delight in "little, common things" which is the wisdom of the very young and the very wise.

And there are lines in the poem to Oxford that sing themselves into the memory:

"City of mists and skyward spires,
Of ringing bells and winging birds,
City of dreams and high desires,
How tell your charm in words?

And is your light indeed the Lord,
Is it His dial marks your hours?
And does His step keep green your sward?
His hand uphold your towers?

Yet will not He Whose ways are truth,
Whose spirit whispers where He wills,
Illuminate the skies of youth
From His eternal hills?"

Here at last is a little volume that can be read in a cathedral or in the open fields, on our knees before the Blessed Sacrament or on our backs beneath a flowering tree. Into the cathedral it brings the perfume of white flowers in forest places, into the meadows it brings the poignant sense of God.

MARY DIXON THAYER.

Hospital Law, by John A. Lapp and Dorothy Ketcham. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Company.

THIS volume presents the law of the United States and of the several states on the various phases of the relation of the law to the hospital. It is difficult to discuss the presentation of so factual a subject, done in a manner to disarm criticism and to baffle wit, and yet it seems ungracious to dismiss it with a mere word of praise, for this is a compend that will prove of fundamental value in advancing the regulation of hospitals in the future.

Beginning witl. Sources and Definitions, the chapters review Incorporation, Liability, Taxation, Exemption, Licensing, Organization, Trusts, Records, Digest of Laws, etc. Some six hundred cases are cited and indexed. The reviewer can but cry "stet!"

EDWARD L. KEYES.

(Inadvertently, the wrong price was affixed to A Modern Architectural Work, by Dom Paul Bellot (Boston: Marshall Jones Company) in the review recently published in these columns. The correct price is $50.00.—The Editors.)

BRIEFER MENTION

Constable, by André Fontainas. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.00.

Fantin-Latour, by Gustave Kahn. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.00.

THE commentary provided by Masters of Modern Art, of which series the two volumes named above form a part, is excellent. Enough of biography, art theory, and canvas history is given in each instance to satisfy the curiosity of those who, without themselves being painters or critics of painting, are intelligently interested in the subject. Constable is certainly one of the most interesting of recent English artists. His cult of nature, sincere and perhaps a little homely, was developed in an environment remote from heated discussion of theories and technical research, but it influenced Delacroix and through him many other Parisian painters. Fantin-Latour, essaying interpretations of music and literature, was certainly one of the most fanciful painters of the last generation; and those of his paintings which have come to the United States seem destined to attract more and more respect from the public. Both are dealt with intelligently by their critics, who manage to establish the greatness of the subjects without making extravagant claims for them. It seems a pity that these books are being printed and bound in France. They display the poverty of contemporary French printing, with a type that is not everything it might be and a typography that is all it should not be. The reproductions, numerous, attractive, and fairly good as they are, lack the perfection of German achievement in the same genre. These faults ought not, however, to blind anyone to the great merit of the series.

The Grove Edition of John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 per volume.

THAT something which is lumbering and clumsy in Mr. John Galsworthy, which prevents his fiction from attaining the luminous vibrancy of the continental masters he elected to follow, is perhaps as much the outcome of a consciously accepted view of life as of native temperament. We here disagree with Mr. Galsworthy most earnestly—disagree not merely with his stand on general ethical problems, but also with his concept of what the art of fiction desirably is. No amount of social enthusiasm or reforming purpose can make the naturalism so deftly professed by Maupassant anything but naturalism. And yet it would be out of place to ignore Mr. Galsworthy's careful prose, his frequent rightness of mind, and his more than occasional ability to reckon wtih human character. Therefore the new edition of his works, issued by Charles Scribner's Sons as the Grove Edition, merits a wide welcome. These compact little books, tastefully printed and bound, represent a fine solution of a difficult printing problem. The price is so reasonable that anyone who cares to possess a new copy of The Freelands or its companion volumes, or anyone who wishes to begin an acquaintance with Galsworthy, need not hesitate for reasons of economy.

Miss Watts, by Ernest Oldmeadow. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $1.50.

THIS reissue of Miss Watts, Ernest Oldmeadow's novel of English rural life, will bring pleasure to his admirers. The story is full of charming detail, with a sense of spiritual sanity and reserve that will further the purpose of the author in quarters where an argument would seem an intrusion.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"I feel the spirit of college commencements in the sunlight this morning," remarked Doctor Angelicus in a very jaunty humor. "Tomorrow I shall have the dry-cleaner freshen up my doctor's robe and brush down my purple hood of the LL.D. and the blue velvet of my Philosophy hood."

"Robes and titles," grumbled Britannicus; "is this your vaunted springtime Americanism?"

"The flowers that bloom in the spring—yes, my dear Britannicus," answered the complaisant Academic, "robes, titles, medals, parchments, the charming playthings of a time all too serious and funereal according to your dispensation. Wait until you see me flashing by in my golden tassel, wrapped in my bundle of doctors' robes and you will be ravening with envy. What a spectacle we learned cathedráticos shall give the boys and girls on the college campus! Our bald heads, and silver beards over the flowing habiliments of our university dignities! Our foreign decorations from Oxford, Aberdeen, Bologna, and Salamanca—what a treat for the lovely eyes of our pupils, our devotees, and female relations!

"But is all this American, answer me, Doctor?"

"Whatever do you mean by that? Why, of course, it is early American, from days before we assumed preposterous airs. You speak from the plane of the original firemen and policemen. Lindsay Denison tells us how the latter, now so proud of their white gloves and gallant Broadway habiliments, once objected to wearing anything that savored of a special class. We can still see them in the village constable with his baggy overalls, his heavy cigar and polished silver badge of office. At least that is what the whiskered individual who held us up in Primus Criticus's car last week in New Jersey looked like. It was only when he saw the toothbrush sticking out of the chauffeur's vest-pocket that he was convinced we were gentlemen. The old-fashioned policemen of New York regarded a uniform as the livery of a lackey but consented to wear a headpiece with their badge of office. It was not until James Gerard came back from abroad wearing a uniform designed by a London tailor that the disgruntled force admitted it was time to discard their frontier boots. Nowadays it is the caps and gowns that draw the great audiences of ladies to our college commencements. As for myself, I confess that I always seem to be stepping on the air when the band strikes up the Star Spangled Banner and I take my place among the portly doctors of the university and nonchalantly descend the grand staircase to loll in my armchair and listen to the views of orating graduates on all the weighty questions of the universe—"

"You confess, then, that you are a born ritualist, Angelicus?"

"Certainly—and you?"

Miss Anonymoncule dashed in, looking unusually smart.

"Another spring wedding, I suppose," said Euphemia.

"And such a lovely one, my dear! The church all in white flowers, and that sweet Dr. Spriggs officiating. Everybody was there, as the Wigginses belong to the Southampton set. And such a lovely bride—her train, my dear, was five or six yards in length. And a perfect sheik for best man; he stood like a lordly ilex towering over the humble shrubs, I mean, the bridegroom. The procession of the Lohengrin music came on with a flourish. Instead of the regular step, the ushers took two shorts and a long stride which brought out a sort of Charleston effect which was most entrancing."

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"You said the bachelor dinner took place last night?" asked the Doctor, glancing up from his manuscripts. "Did they have the pews marked off with white ribbons to keep the country relatives together? Were the choir boys properly shaved and bobbed? And did nobody throw an old shoe for good luck?"

"Doctor, be serious; we don't throw shoes or rice on Fifth Avenue—at least not in this century. Where can you have seen such conduct?"

"Ask me not to recall the cruel memories of my lost Miranda's wedding. You remember, I told you of her, Britannicus, a beautiful girl like Ligeia or Ulalume or one of the other maidens of Edgar Poe. After receiving my sonnet-sequence devoted to her beauty, she accepted my rival, Professor Tomlison, the Middle-Western ethnologist, and was married with a ceremony the cruel elaborateness of which I shall never forget. I was the head-usher and had to give signals to all the others; to escort the bride's mother to her pew, and measure out the white ribbon to confine the village dressmakers to their proper places. With a bleeding heart I led the procession up and down the aisle, everybody remarking the handsome pallor of my cheeks. I was strong in repressing my feelings in those days, and if at the reception I did imbibe a glass too much of the lemonade (for the bride's grandmother had been one of the founders of the Blue Law League) my illness was rightly ascribed by the gossips to an impaired cardiac, not gastric, circulation."

"And you never saw her again, Angelicus?" asked Britannicus.

"No, Tomlison dug her grave in Zululand, where he continued his observations until an assegai laid him also at rest, leaving his final volume incomplete. O my lost Miranda, I shall never forget you in your bridal veil, and how you preferred Tomlison's ethnology to my loving sonnet-sequence!"

"But you still have your commencements for the returning springtimes, Doctor."

"Yes, there is balm in Gilead."

"And lots of good fish in the sea," dryly snapped the proverbial Euphemia.

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